MAD

No. 98
Oct. '65

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NUMBER 98 OCTOBER 1965

MAD

"Stop complaining about the Summer heat! Just be grateful you don't have to shovel it!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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LETTERS DEPT.

BUGS ABOUT MAD BUGS

I think your "MAD Bugs" by this Baggi fellow are absolutely sensational. He is a real credit to your staff. Mainly, he's the only one who shows any creativity. It is really fascinating how he makes those cute little monsters for your subscription ads out of all that junk. But then again, working with junk seems to be a fad around your offices.

Ken Baird
Helena, Montana

MARKET SURVEY

In your latest issue, in the introduction to "Sub-Standard Brands, Inc." you said, ". . . there's a vast, untapped market in this country for out-and-out junk . . . when people merely want to buy the cheapest possible product, regardless of quality . . ." I found this to be true when I saw how many kids around here read MAD!

Doug Humphrey
Oklahoma City, Okla.

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

In your July issue, you lapsed into a bad habit again. You used the same expression several times in the same issue, namely, "You really know how to hurt a guy, don't you!" This redundant tendency has a deleterious effect on your material, which is of marginal quality anyway.

Merlon Dinwiddie
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

You really know how to hurt an Editor, don't you?—Ed.

CRITTER'S CHOICE

As you can see, even my critters enjoy reading MAD Magazine. This here's my friend, Bessie. She's a subscriber, and when her MAD issues are delivered to the studio, she just goes "ape" over them.

Donna Douglas
(Elly May Clampett)
The Beverly Hillbillies
Hollywood, Calif.

What's a nice girl like her doing on a show like that?—Ed.

RECORDING STARS GO MAD

Mick Jagger (of The Rolling Stones)

Just thought you might like to see the reactions of various top English recording stars to your rag.

Gloria Stavers
Editor-In-Chief
16 Magazine
New York City

Gerry (of Gerry and The Pacemakers)

Herman and The Hermits

THE MAN FROM A.U.N.T.I.E.

I've just organized "C.O.U.S.I.N." (The Confederation To Obliterate and Undermine Stupid Imbecilic Numbskulls). The first stupid Imbecilic numbskulls I plan to obliterate are the ones responsible for "The Man From A.U.N.T.I.E." You, of all people, should recognize brilliant hilarious satire when you see it.

Sandra Wise
Toronto, Ontario, Can.

Boy, I never thought that MAD could ever be accused of taking anything too seriously until I read "The Man From A.U.N.T.I.E." Do you know that every week, your article is satirized on a TV show called "The Man From U.N.C.L.E.."?

David Giffen
Edmonton, Alberta, Can.

You should be hung by the thumbs over a bowl of oatmeal until you cry "UNCLE"!

Mike Letcher
Shorter, Ala.

"The Man From A.U.N.T.I.E." was the greatest satire you've done. Although I watch the show every week, and love it, Arnie Kogen brought out beautifully the utterly absurd parts of the show.

Karl Menninger
Topeka, Kansas

In all my MAD years, this spoof was one of the funniest I have ever read. Thank you for your utterly MAD magazine. Love that MAD!

Burnetta Lee
Honolulu, Hawaii

Absolutely the greatest! Especially the ending! That one feature was worth the price of the magazine.

Chris Callahan
Latrobe, Pa.

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Okay, you *nuts!* It's *plane* you're *awl chiselers*, and as a *rule* I don't take ad-*vise*—but this *screwy bit* finally *drilled* it in. So I'm *sanding* in the money you *axed* for. Now, if my copies come *lathe*, I'm gonna be awfully *saw!*

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I AM NO LONGER RESPONSIBLE for my wife Selma, who has been acting strangely since she framed and hung that stupid full-color portrait of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, which she got for 25¢ (3 for 50¢) by mailing her money to: MAD, 850 Third Avenue, New York City, New York 10022.

—Arnold Wetblanket.

BEHIND THE ODD-BALL DEPT.

MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

ALTHOUGH HE ARGUED THAT "IT COULD WAIT UNTIL MORNING" AND RECOMMENDED SHE "TAKE A COUPLE OF ASPIRINS" HE FINALLY GAVE IN, GOT DRESSED, AND TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION, ACTUALLY MADE A **HOUSE CALL** IN THE MIDDLE OF THE **NIGHT!**

THE **HOUSE CALL** WAS TO HIS **OWN HOUSE!** IT WAS HIS **WIFE** WHO WAS ASKING FOR ASSISTANCE. SHE WAS **GIVING BIRTH** DOWNSTAIRS!

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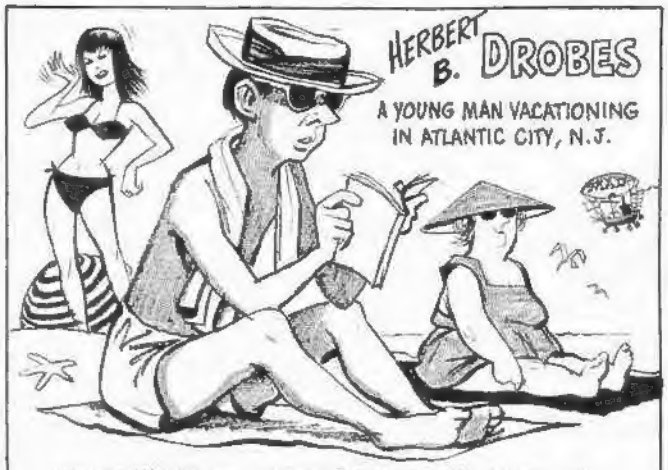
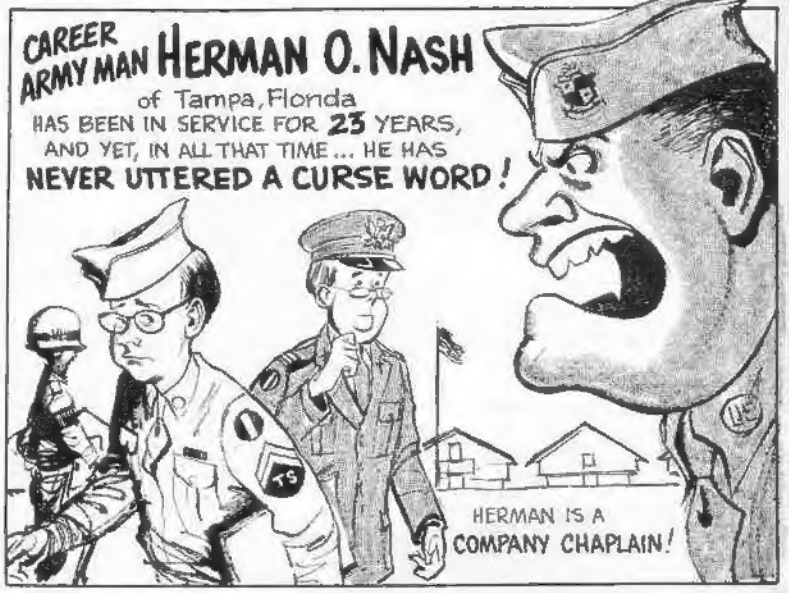
OPTICAL ILLUSION
Submitted By
AN A&P SHOPPER



... SAT AN **ENTIRE** DAY ON THE BEACH RIGHT NEAR AN ELDERLY LADY... AND **NEVER ONCE** DID SHE COME OVER TO HIM AND SAY, "**MISTER,** WILL YOU WATCH MY **BLANKET?**"



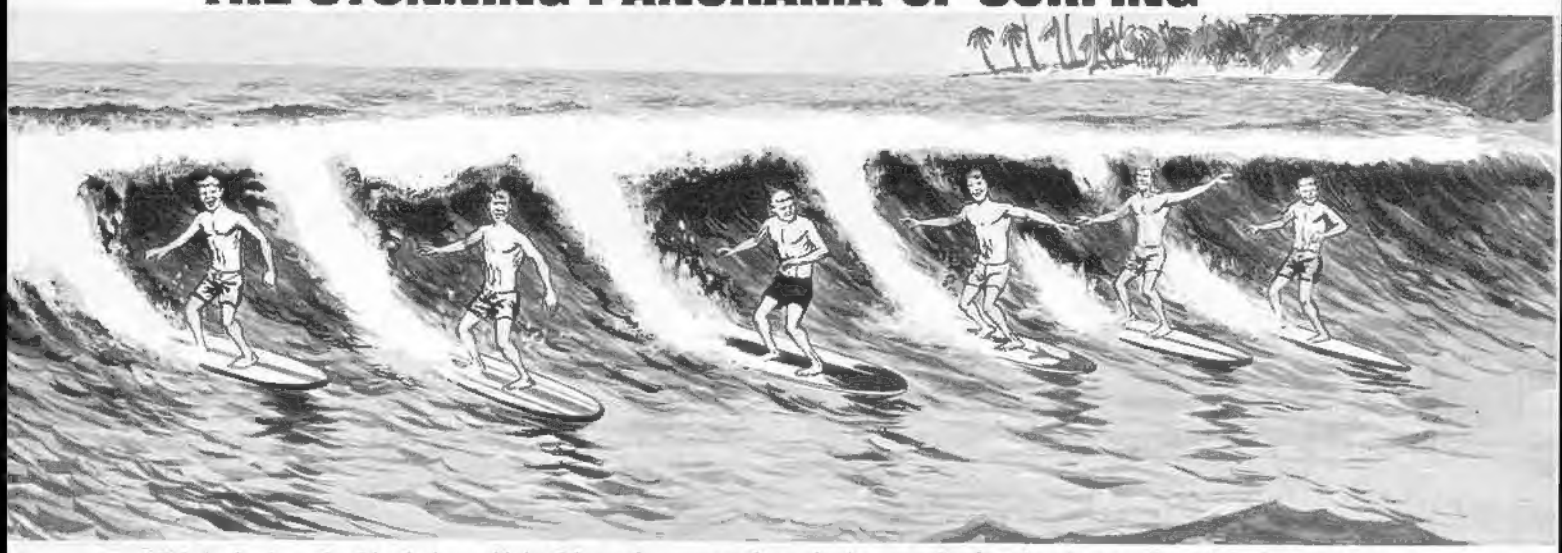
ONLY FOR THE BOARD-MINDED DEPT.

Recently, we asked a group of "Surfing" enthusiasts what makes their sport so great. They looked us over with contempt and answered that we were "too old to dig!" *To old?* **US?!** Well, we packed a lunch and headed for the beach. We were determined to find out just what it was that anyone saw in "Surfing". Was it the fresh salt air? Was it the bright warm sun? Was it the soft clean sand and the roaring sea? Was it the hordes of healthy young bronze-skinned beach bunnies in teensy-weensy Bikinis? The answer was obvious: It was the fresh salt air and the bright warm sun and the soft clean sand and the roaring sea! Who *said* we were *too old?* **HAH!!** So now, we'd like to share what we found out with you in this **MAD** close-up on . . .

SURFING

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THE STUNNING PANORAMA OF SURFING



This is the breathtakingly beautiful tableau that greets the onlooker at a Surfing beach, as a line of daring young athletes balance gracefully on their boards, and glide silently in on a sparkling wave. No ballet scene can match it!

No ballet scene, that is, except maybe one of those gang-war dance sequences from "West Side Story!" Mainly because it seems like every young clod who has ever seen an Annette Funicello "Beach Movie" or heard a "Beach Boys" record thinks he can be a Surfer . . . and this is what "Surfing" is beginning to look like with all those maniacs out there!

AN ILLUSTRATED GLOSSARY OF SURFING TERMS

Before going any further with this article, it will be necessary for the reader to familiarize himself with the Surfer's private language. There is a definite purpose in this language. It was not created for any of the square reasons that many Clubs or Fraternal Organizations have for their mumbo-jumbo. It was not created just to have a silly secret language. The reason for Hip Surfer Talk is more serious and meaningful than that. It's to show off!

"GREMMIE"

A beginning Surfer. Easily recognized because they're the ones who mostly use the idiotic words on this page.

"HO-DAD"

A refugee from the drop-out motorcycle set who takes up Surfing. Easily recognized because they can only dig the pictures on this page.

"DING"

What happens when your surfboard hits something hard.

"BING"

What happens when the something hard your surfboard hits hits you right back.

"ALL-TIME"

A great surf! For example, Hawaii's surf is always all-time! California's surf is often all-time! Arizona's surf is never all-time!

"TAKING GAS"

Losing control and going down—not to be confused with stealing fuel from a parked car to get to beach.

"DOWN"

What happens to a Surfer after "taking gas." He is underwater and is expected to reappear momentarily.

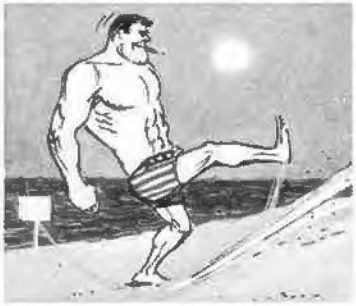
"DROWN"

What happens to a Surfer after "taking gas." He is underwater — not expected to reappear momentarily.

"SAND"

Found in every orifice and pore of a Surfer's body, it makes a gritting sound when he chews or blinks his eyes.

"BULLY"



A big bronze-skinned Surfer who carelessly kicks sand when he walks on the beach.

"SKINNY"

A weak pale-skinned Surfer who usually gets all of the sand kicked by the Bully.

"VAVAVOOM"

A beach bunny who goes off with the Bully, leaving the Skinny—while everyone else wonders what she saw in the Skinny in the first place.

"PUKA"

This is not what a Surfer becomes when the waves go down and up and down and—It's a break in the surface of the board. Not serious.

"COMPOUND FRACTURE"

A break in the body of the Surfer. Also not serious. Unless it's a break in the body of the board. Then it is serious. Only then, it is called a compound puka.

"BIG MAN"

A Surfer who carries his board around during non-surfing weather to give the impression he's hardy.

"WIPE OUT"

To lose a wave. Also what Surfers will probably do to the MAD Magazine offices when they see this article.

MANEUVERS TO LEARN

When the Gremmie arrives at the beach, there are two important lessons he must learn immediately. First, he should study the murderous surf and realize that he could get killed out there. That's lesson #1. Next, he should decide that it's not too late to quit, and that after a few years, he will get used to being pointed out as "that rotten yellow-bellied coward!" That's lesson #2. But if he's too chicken for all that, he might as well get out there and learn to Surf. The following simple instructions will help him survive to a ripe old age. Like maybe 24 . . . or 25.

LAUNCHING THE SURFBOARD

Wrong Way

Running into surf like this is dangerous, as board could fly loose and kill somebody. Or what's even worse, the board could get a ding.

Paddling into surf is okay, but not if you start in shallow part of surf. Because when wave recedes, you can look pretty ridiculous.

Climbing on surfboard while ignoring waves is not very pleasant, unless you feel having a body full of broken bones is very pleasant.

Once up, form is very important—not because it's safer or better — but because beach bunnies won't look at you if you do it like this.

Bad form also leads to other troubles — like when you hit shallow water. Then you find out why sandpaper is made with beach sand.

Right Way

An experienced Surfer skillfully hurls his surfboard out into sea.

He then gracefully leaps unerringly out onto his surfboard.

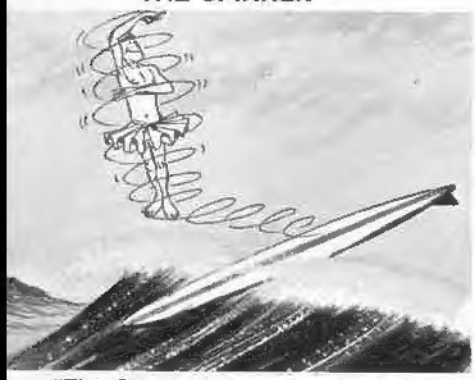
He then apologizes for landing on broad instead of on board.

He waits for wave and confidently rides in, thrilling onlookers.

After ride he quickly leaves water to avoid meeting other Surfers.

FANCY STUFF...HANDY TRICKS AND TURNS

THE SPINNER



"The Spinner" is a pirouette which is performed while coming in on a wave. It is considered even better, tho, to do it while coming in on a surfboard!

WALKING THE NOSE

"Walking The Nose" is strolling over the board while the wave breaks. This Surfer is not walking his nose! He's looking for a contact lens he dropped!

KICKING OUT

"Kicking Out" is moving back on board and losing wave to turn around and go back out again. The move is sometimes used for more than just "showing off"!

MANEUVERS TO AVOID

HOTDOGGING

A Hotdogger is a character who has no feelings whatsoever for other people at the beach. He weaves in ond out, thus causing all kinds of trouble. In the scene above, we see him doing his dirty work. There he is in the lower left, dressed in his natty white suit. Next to him is a kid who won't stop screaming until he can get another hot dog. A little further over is a lady who's gagging after biting into her sand-covered hot dog. More to the right are some rings in the water, marking the spot where a man drowned after eating four hot dogs and going right in for a swim. The pimply-faced kid eating his hot dog spends a fortune on acne medicine, when all the time he's allergic to hot dogs. Oh, we could go on and on, but we're running out of space. Besides, we're getting hungry! HEY—Hot Dog Man!!

OGLING

This maneuver started last year about the same time that the topless bathing suit came out. It is very dangerous for the Surfer who does it, especially if the bunny he's ogling has a big bronze-skinned Bully boyfriend nearby.

PILING

This delightful and exciting maneuver was created on the West Coast for Surfers who are easily bored with ordinary surfing. After trying it, they are no longer bored. They are crippled, maimed and disfigured—Yes! But bored—No!

LIGHTNING

This innovation in Surfing was accidentally discovered by a few die-hard Surfers who refused to leave the surf when a thunderstorm came along. Now, when a thunderstorm comes along, there are always a few die-hards who try it.

FREEZING

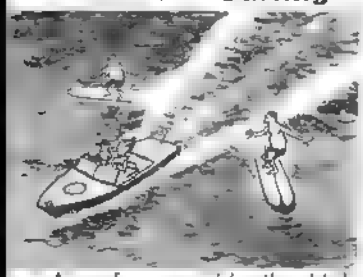
This maneuver is usually performed well after Summer is over and Winter has set in. It is accomplished by the idiots who refuse to accept the fact that Surfing is over for the season. So they bob around like this till Spring.

Surfing is like drug addiction. A Surfer goes nuts when he cannot surf. But there are many times when he absolutely cannot. The sea may be calm, his board may be broken, or his family may have moved to Kansas City. At these times, a Surfer may start to display severe withdrawal symptoms. His eyes will roll, his stomach will ache and his legs will flap uncontrollably. This has nothing to do with Surfing. He's merely doing some new dance like the Frug. A Surfer who can't Surf simply sits and cries. But now his troubles are over. Inventions are popping up every day to solve his problem. Today, a Surfer can not only get his kicks without a surf, but even without water in some instances.

SURFING SUBSTITUTES

SURFING WITHOUT A SURF

Boatwake Surfing



A surfer can ride the high fish-tail wake of a powered speedboat all day if he so desires—so long as he does not meet the high fish-tail wake of a powered speedboat coming the other way.

Snow Surfing

This Winter innovation can be just as thrilling as the Summer variety of Surfing. Using a regular surfboard, the Snow Surfer has trees, rocks and annoyed skiers to lend dangerous excitement.

Sand Dune Surfing

Sand Dune Surfing is growing in popularity in arid States. The Surfer rides down dunes until a burning sensation on the soles of his feet tells him that the board has been sanded away.

High Weed Surfing

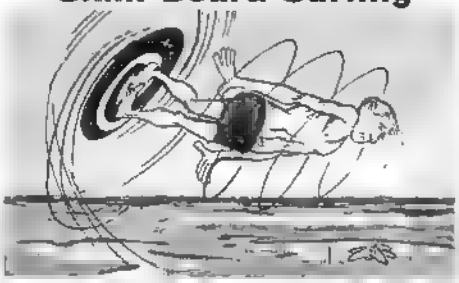
A Surfer takes his regular Summer beach bunny to find a hill thickly covered with tall weeds. Then, if he is lucky, no idiotic Surfer will disturb him with that stupid High Weed Surfing jazz.

SURFING WITHOUT A SURFBOARD

Body Surfing

This is the same as regular Surfboard Surfing, except that the Surfer's body becomes the board. And repairing the Surfer's body is done the same as with the board, using fiberglass and epoxy.

Skim-Board Surfing



Skim-Board Surfing is performed with a small round disc over the wet flats of a beach. The Surfer jumps onto the Skim-Board—and spins, and skids, and falls on his — well, it takes practice!

Driftwood Surfing

Can be done wherever there's junk on the beach. Just watch the rusty nails, watch the splinters, and mainly watch the beach . . . because driftwood has a tendency to drift out to sea again.

SURFING WITHOUT SURF OR A SURFBOARD

Skateboard Surfing

A Skateboard can be purchased or easily made with a skate stolen from your kid sister. It is ridden almost exactly like a Surfboard: Leaning steers it and nothing stops it. Only when you fall off it, pavement is harder than water.

Teeterboard Surfing

Teeterboard Surfing is very similar to Skateboard Surfing except for one additional thrilling difference: It cannot be done! But that shouldn't really matter to the die-hard desperate Surfing enthusiasts! They all love a challenge!

SURFING'S LIMITATIONS

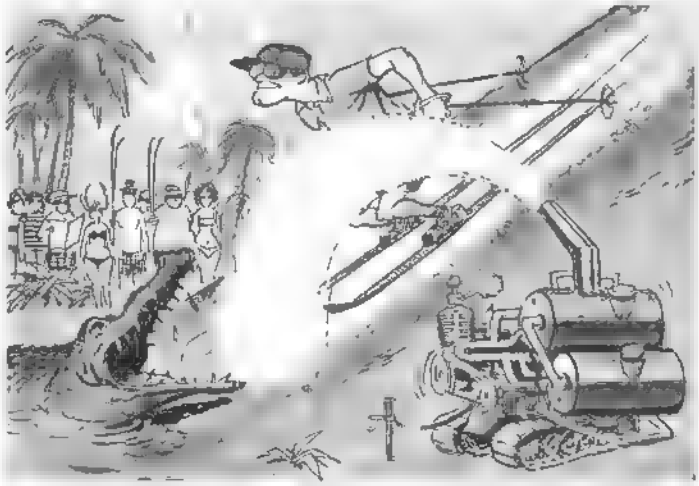
The continued growth of Surfing into a big-time sport is seriously hindered by the limited number of good Surfing areas. However, other sports have overcome similar handicaps and gone on to become multi-billion dollar industries.

SPORTS THAT OVERCAME SERIOUS LIMITATIONS AND HOW THEY DID IT

Fishing

Every lake and stream in the country faced the threat of being fished out until someone came up with the brilliant idea of raising fish artifically and stocking the waters Now, more money is spent on fishing than any other sport.

Skiing



Unpredictable warm spells used to murder this sport and every skiing resort that depended on it Now snow can be manufactured artificially and sprayed on slopes and year-round ski areas are booming from Florida to Calif.

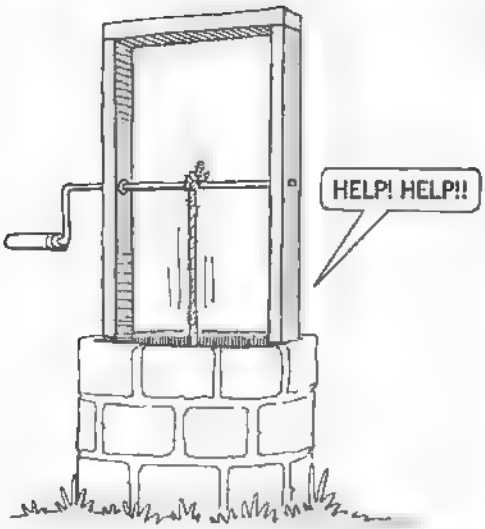
SURFING, TOO, CAN GET BIG IF...

ARTIFICIAL SURF-MAKING MACHINES ARE PUT INTO USE ALL OVER!

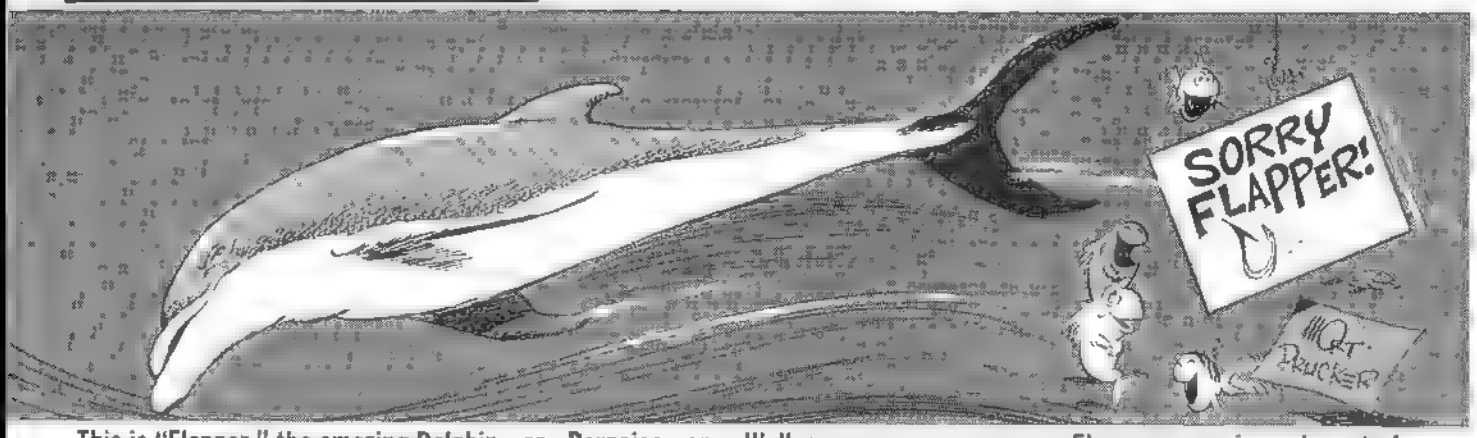
Then every bay, river, lake, stream, pool and puddle could be used for Surfing. So let's get behind this great idea, Surfing lovers, and turn the whole world into a Surfers' Paradise so you can all get out there and surf . . . while we stay back on the shore with those beautiful healthy blonde bronze-skinned beach bunnies. who said we're *too old?!*

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

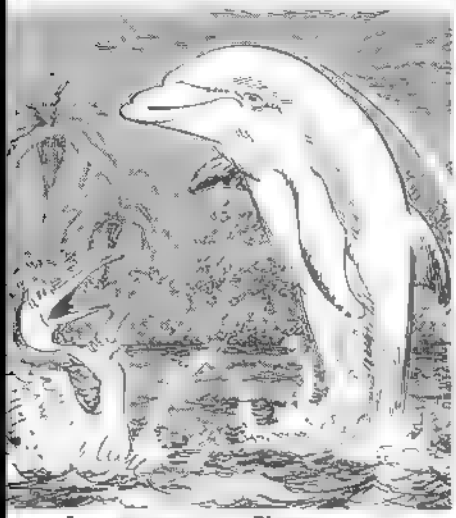
A DREADFUL DAY



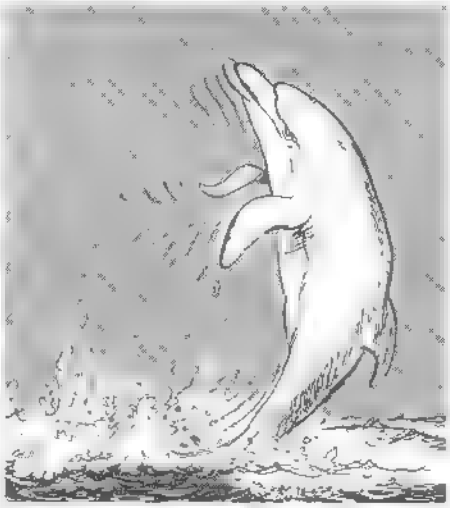
THE BUCKET! THE BUCKET! PULL UP THE BUCKET!!
O.K, I'm pulling, George, dear!
WHAT??
PLURP
I said "I'M-PULLING!"!!
Fine! Whatever you do… DON'T LET GO!!
DON'T WHAT???
LET GO!!OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
PLABLABLABLABL
SPLOOSH
D.MARTIN



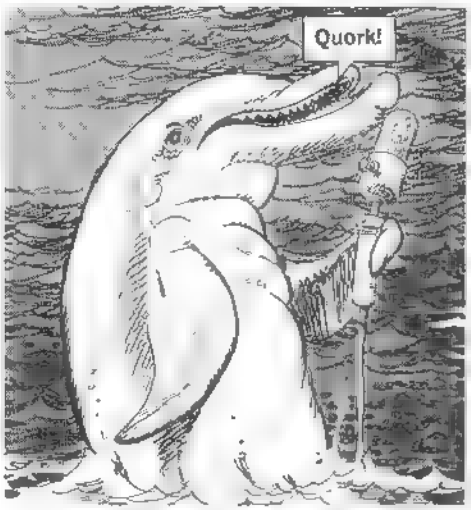
This is "Flapper," the amazing Dolphin—er—Porpoise—er... Well, anyway, as you can see, Flapper can swim underwater!



As you can see, Flapper can walk backwards on the water!



As you can see, Flapper can leap high out of the water!

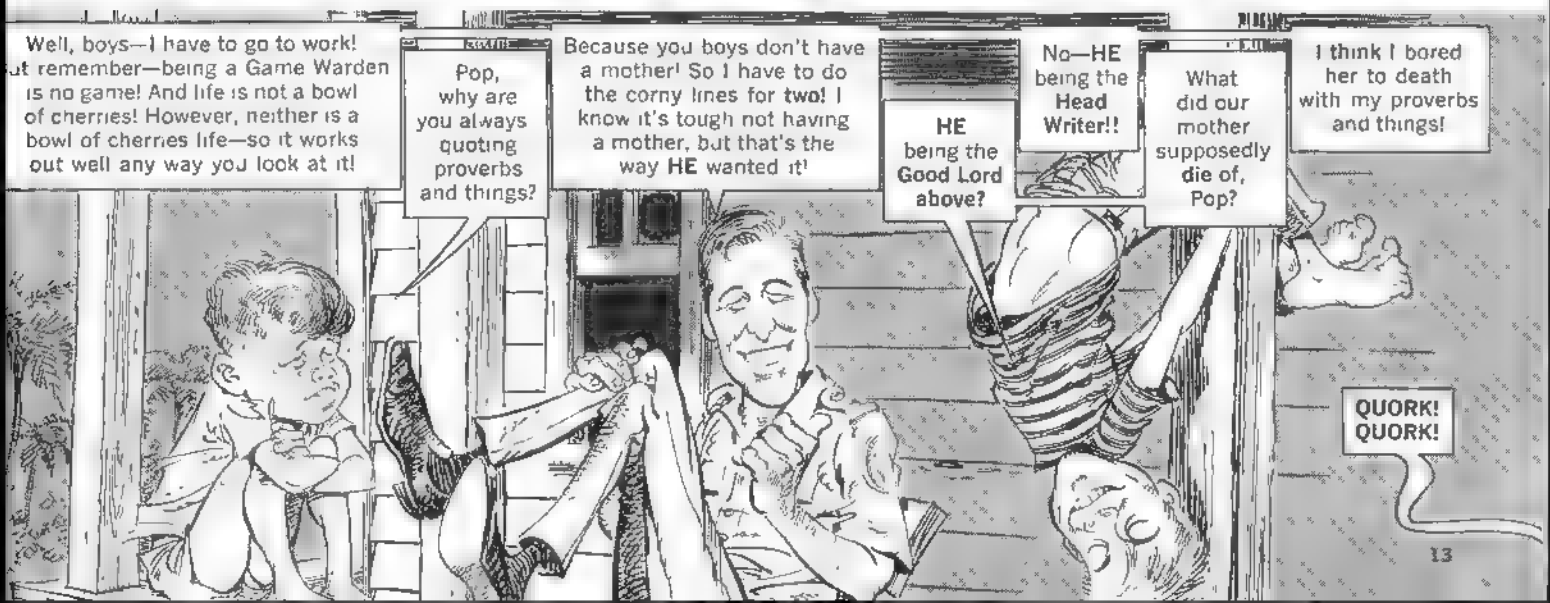


And as you can see, Flapper can speak. He says, "Quork!"

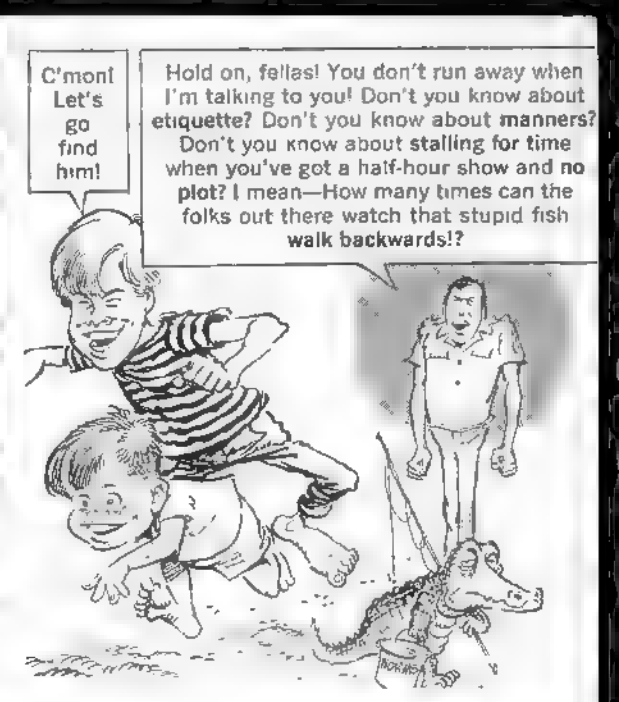
As you can also see, that's **ALL** that Flapper can do! Which means that this TV show is almost as deadly to write as it is to watch. So now, let's take a look at MAD's version of a typical installment of...

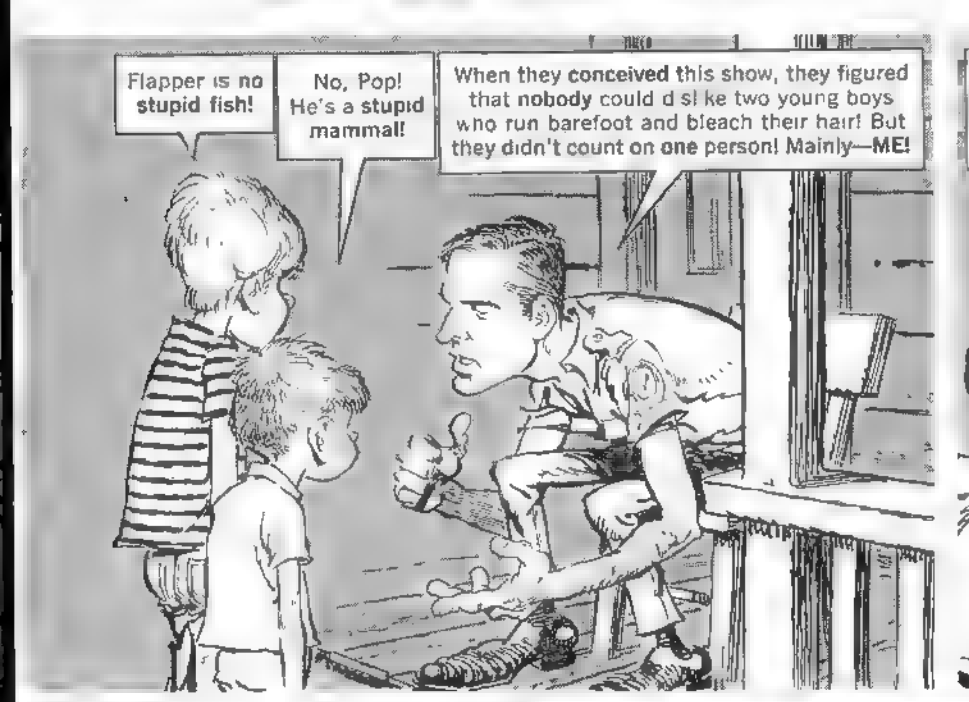
FLAPPER

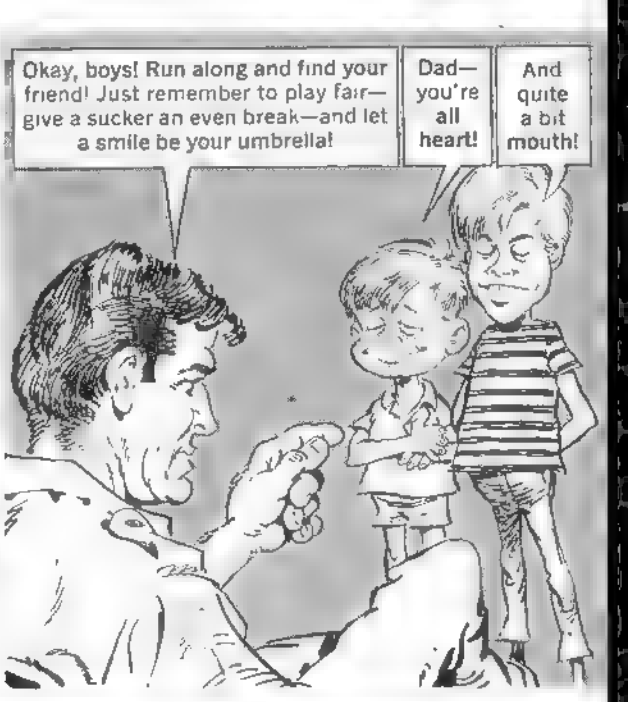
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

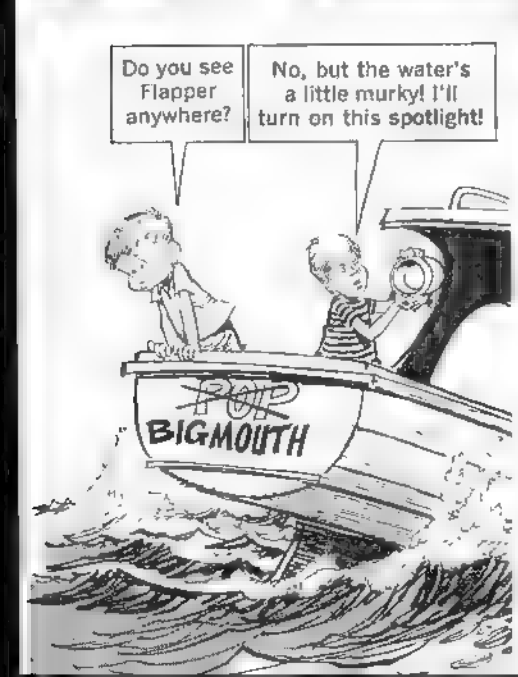


Listen! That's Flapper! It sounds like he's in the backyard lily pool!
No, it sounds like he's in the basement washing machine!
You're both wrong, boys! It sounds like he's in the drinking fountain in the park across the street!
Isn't it amazing how that crazy Dolphin—er—Porpoise can show up in any body of water we're near?!

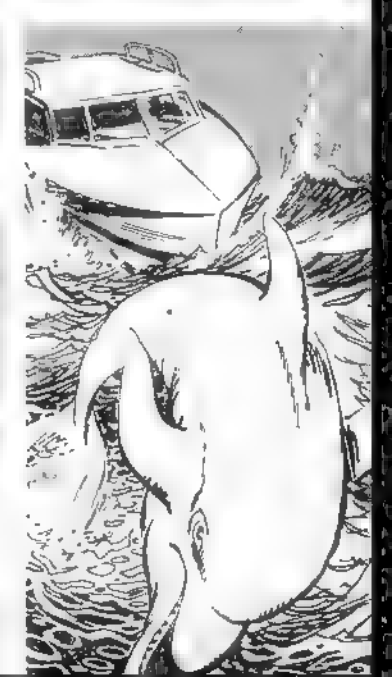

C'mon! Let's go find him!
Hold on, fellas! You don't run away when I'm talking to you! Don't you know about etiquette? Don't you know about manners? Don't you know about stalling for time when you've got a half-hour show and no plot? I mean—How many times can the folks out there watch that stupid fish walk backwards!?

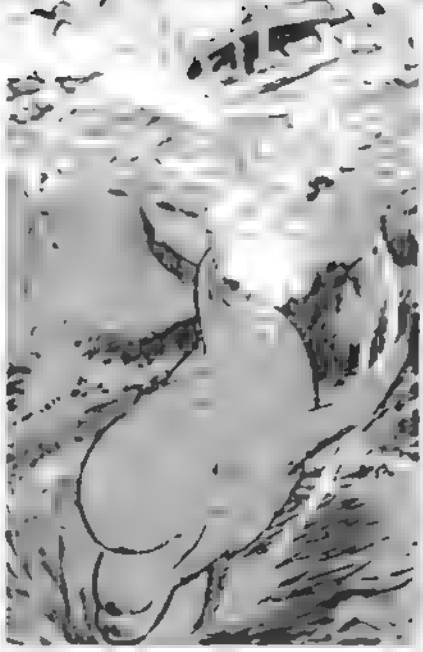

Flapper is no stupid fish!
No, Pop! He's a stupid mammal!
When they conceived this show, they figured that nobody could d sl ke two young boys who run barefoot and bleach their hair! But they didn't count on one person! Mainly—ME!


Okay, boys! Run along and find your friend! Just remember to play fair—give a sucker an even break—and let a smile be your umbrella!
Dad—you're all heart!
And quite a bit mouth!

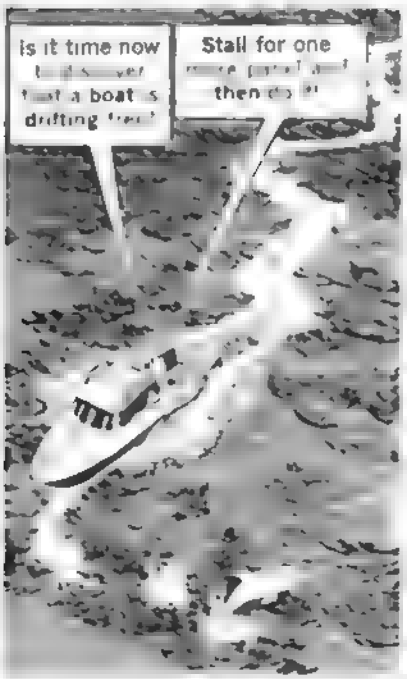

Do you see Flapper anywhere?
No, but the water's a little murky! I'll turn on this spotlight!
POP
BIGMOUTH

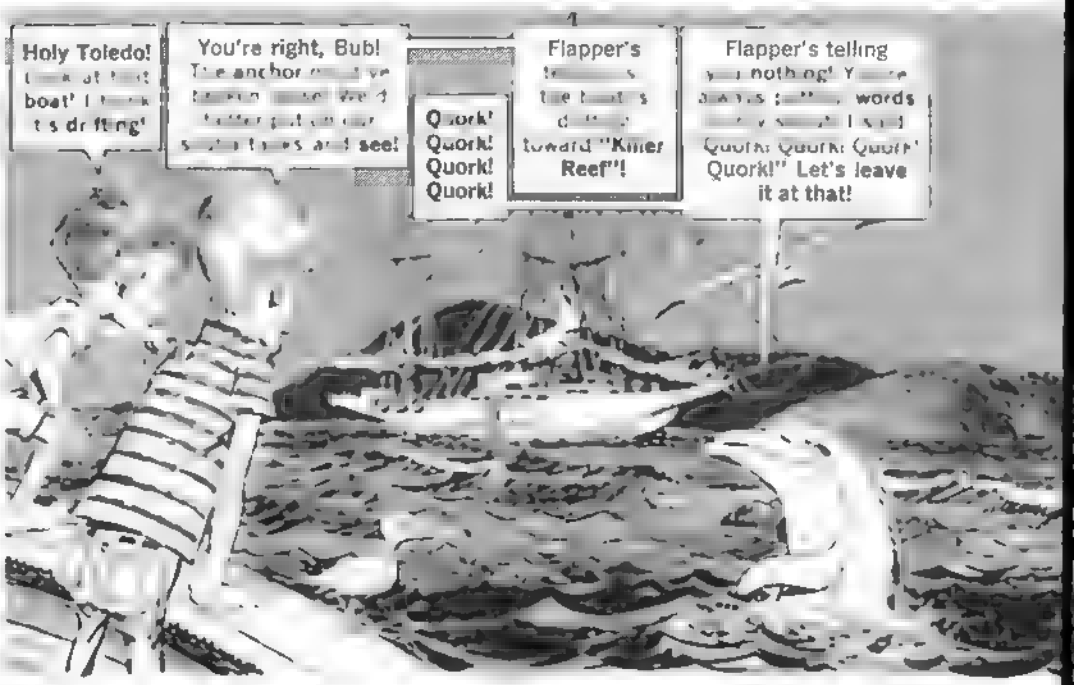
Quork-quork, Quork-quork To Broadway† Remember me to Herald Square . . .
Knock it off, Flapper! You know this is the part of the show where you swim somewhere—and we follow you! So get moving!





How come we never have any lines during this part of the show?
Because the tension builds when the audience doesn't know where we're heading! And also because they have just one piece of film of us following Flapper, and they splice it in every week!


Is it time now
Stall for one

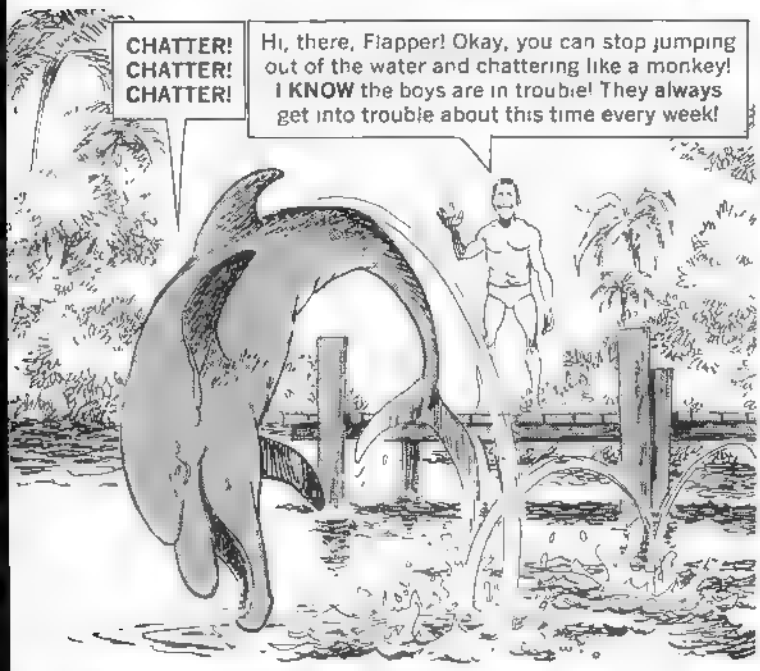

Holy Toledo!
You're right, Bub!
Quork! Quork! Quork! Quork!
Flapper's
toward "Killer Reef"!
Flapper's telling
Quork! Let's leave it at that!

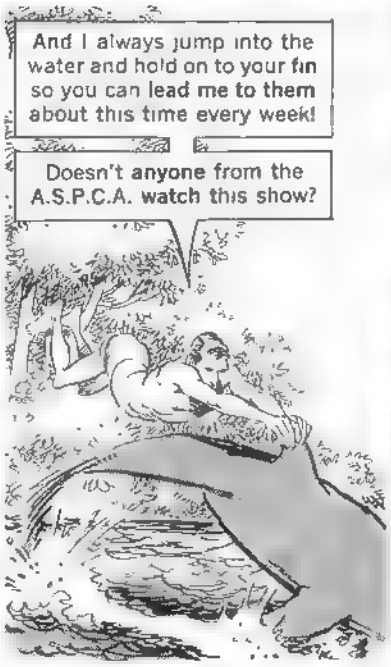
VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA
Scene 7
Take 5
QUIET ON THE SET!

VAN HUSEN

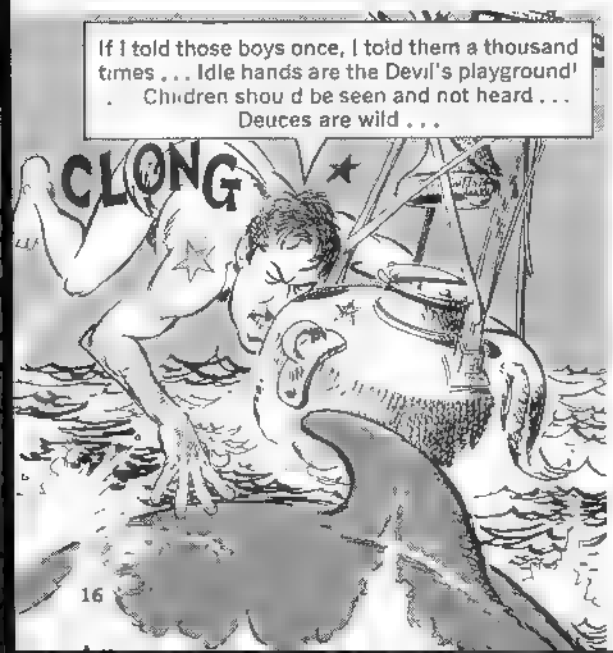
FLAPPER GOOD GAD!
ISN'T IT PUSHING THE BOUNDS OF REALITY JUST A HAIR.. EXPECTING THEM TO BELIEVE I CAN READ THAT NOTE?
THE REAL STAR OF INDIA

THEY'VE WATCHED WHAT'S MY LINE? FOR 12 YEARS!
I'M ON MY WAY!

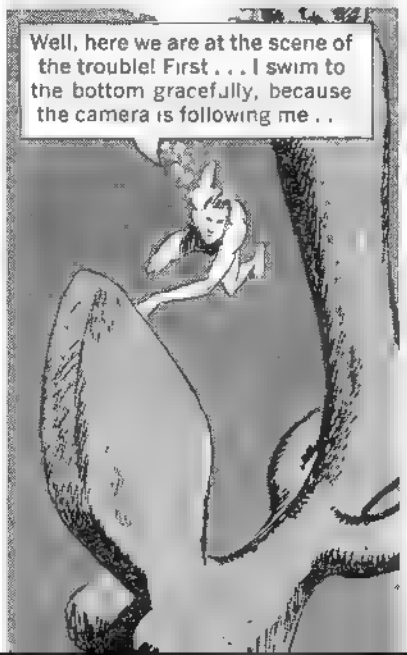

CHATTER! CHATTER! CHATTER!
Hi, there, Flapper! Okay, you can stop jumping out of the water and chattering like a monkey! I KNOW the boys are in trouble! They always get into trouble about this time every week!


And I always jump into the water and hold on to your fin so you can lead me to them about this time every week!
Doesn't anyone from the A.S.P.C.A. watch this show?

I hope the boys aren't hurt badly! And if they are, I hope they have on clean underwear!


If I told those boys once, I told them a thousand times . . . Idle hands are the Devil's playground! . Children shou d be seen and not heard . . . Deuces are wild . . .
CLONG

And as for you, Flapper . . . if I told you once, I told you a thousand times . . Haste makes waste—and also severe headaches!


Well, here we are at the scene of the trouble! First . . . I swim to the bottom gracefully, because the camera is following me . .

Then, I fasten the anchor of the drifting boat firmly to the bottom . . . my "Good deed for today!"
Then, I swim to Bub and give him the "okay" sign because he waited—and "Patience is a virtue!"
Then I take hold of Sanby and I carry him to the surface all by myself—because "Too many cooks spoil the broth!"
And as I get to the surface and place Sanby safely in our boat, I gasp for air and turn blue and choke—because "Man is not a fish!" GASP . . . CHOKE . . . GASP . . .
Should I give you artificial respiration, Dad?
Nothing in life should be artificial, Bub! Genuine feelings should be your only feelings! For example, right this minute, I'm going to be genuinely sick!
QUORK! QUORK! QUORK!
What's Flapper saying?
He's saying "For cryin' out loud, tell your old man to have a heart! I gotta live in this water!"
YHACCH!
Well, we're all home safe and sound, thanks again to Flapper—who has followed us to the nearest body of water—many our bathtub!
Look! Flapper is climbing out of the tub! And—he's unzipping his skin . . .
Flapper! What are you doing?
SS APPLAUSE
What do you think I'm doing!? This week's Flapper show is over—so I gotta get out of this stupid make-up and get over to the next lot to shoot my other show . . .
You—you mean you also play "LASSIE"!?
Not only that! After I finish playing "Lassie," I get into a horse suit and play "MR. ED"!!

PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPT.

Are you plagued by clods who ask stupid questions? We mean the kind of questions to which the answers are painfully obvious. Doesn't it drive you nuts to have to give such answers? Don't you wish you could come up with snappy answers that would put these dolts down, like the comics on TV always do? Well, you can! All you need is a sense of humor, a little practice, and a mean, rotten disposition. You also need to convince yourself that there is

MAD'S SNAPPY ANSWERS

No, thanks! I already have one!

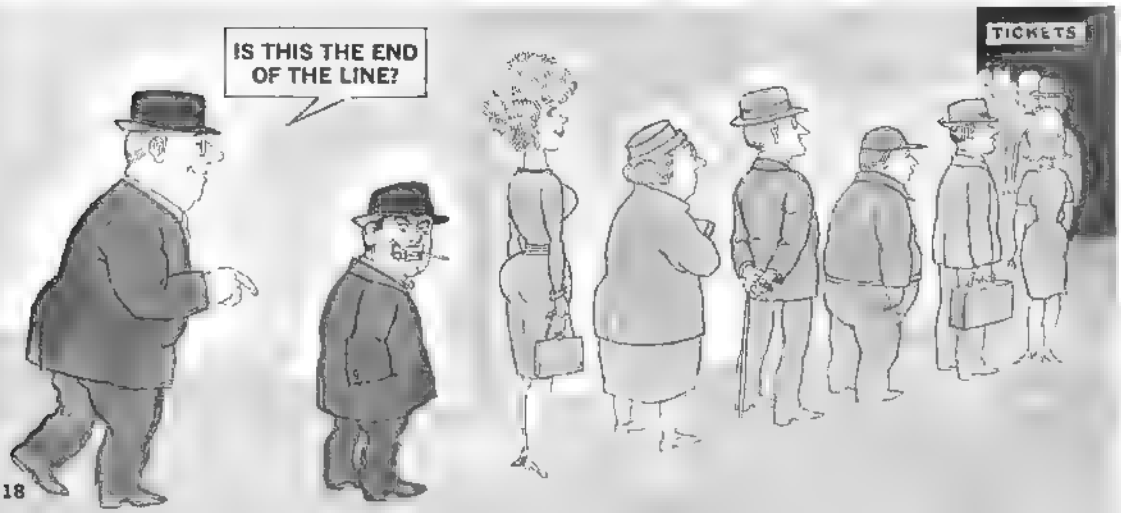
No, I'm a modern sculptor!

No, I'm starting a junk yard!

No, I'm doing The Frug!

No, I'm studying to be a kangaroo!

No, I'm hitchhiking to the bathroom!



No, it's the beginning! We're all facing backwards!

No, it's the end of a freight train, and I'm the caboose!

No, it's a group of casual strollers, who, by some fantastic coincidence, have come to stand one behind the other at this one spot!

nothing worse than stupid clods who ask pointless unnecessary questions. Is that clear? Do you undertand what we mean? Are we getting the point of this article across to you? Isn't this the perfect time to come up with one of them snappy answers? Okay! Study the typical situations on these pages and practice giving the snappy answers we've printed. Then start making up your own. Before long you'll see how gratifying it is to humiliate people with . . . .

TO STUPID QUESTIONS

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

No, he's resting up for his **World Championship** fight tonight!

No, he's rehearsing a new **comedy routine!**

No, he's just taking a short **four-week nap!**

No, I always shower with my clothes on before I come into the house!

No, I came home by **sewer!**

No, it's **hot** out and I'm **sweating!**

No, we're going to **fool** everybody and go **sideways** this time!

No, **we're** standing **still!** **You** must be going **down!**

No, this is a **phone booth** and we're trying to see how many college students we can pack **into it!**

No, **tomorrow** I'm doing this with **another girl!**

No, but in time, I'm sure I can **learn to!**

Love—**shmov**—live for the **moment,** I always say!

No, it's **Goldilocks** wondering who slept in her bed!

No, it's **Alan Funt,** and we're on **"Candid Camera"!**

No, it's some two-timed, infuriated, cuckold **total stranger** who's going to **kill us!**

No, I'm just worn out from turning the pages of my **newspaper** on the ride home!

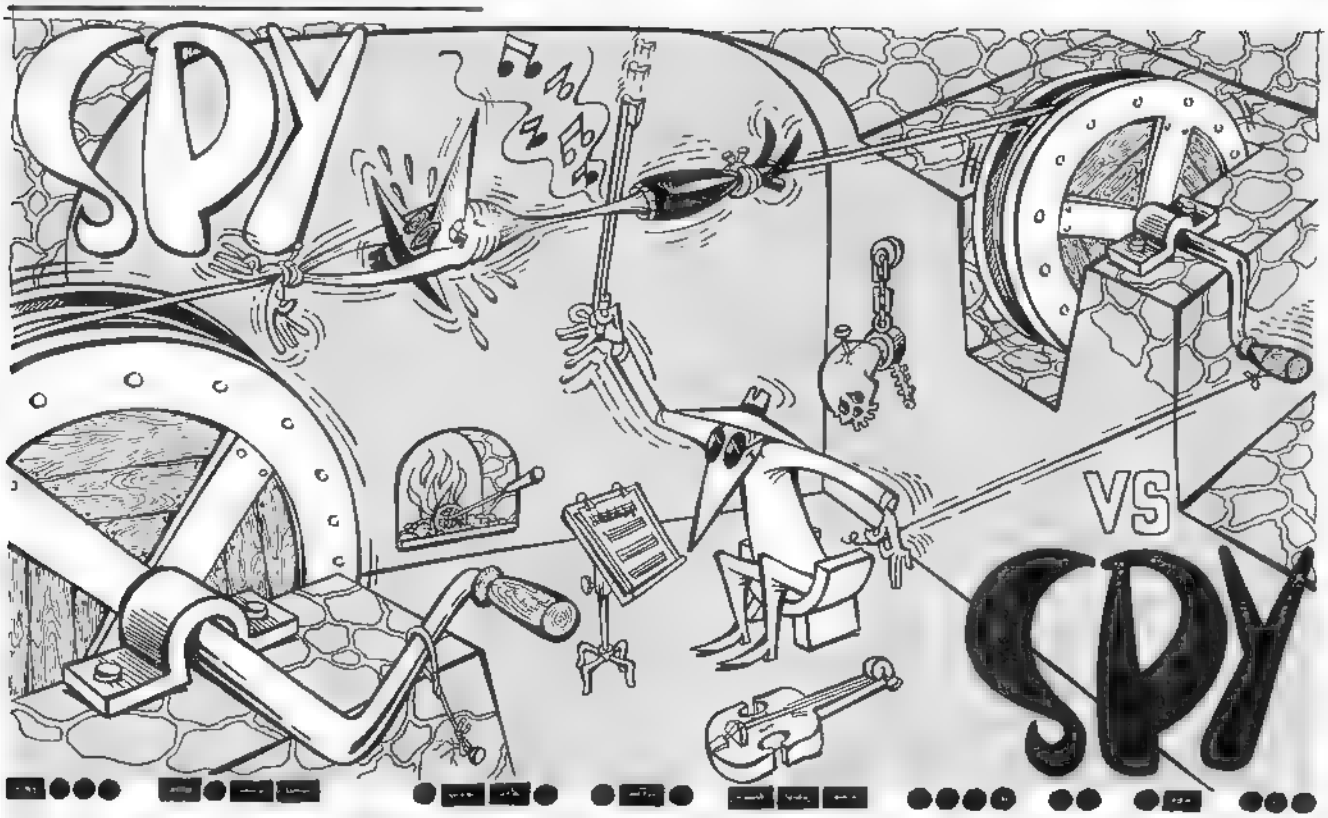
No, it's the lunchtime **cavorting** at the **Playboy Club** that does me in!

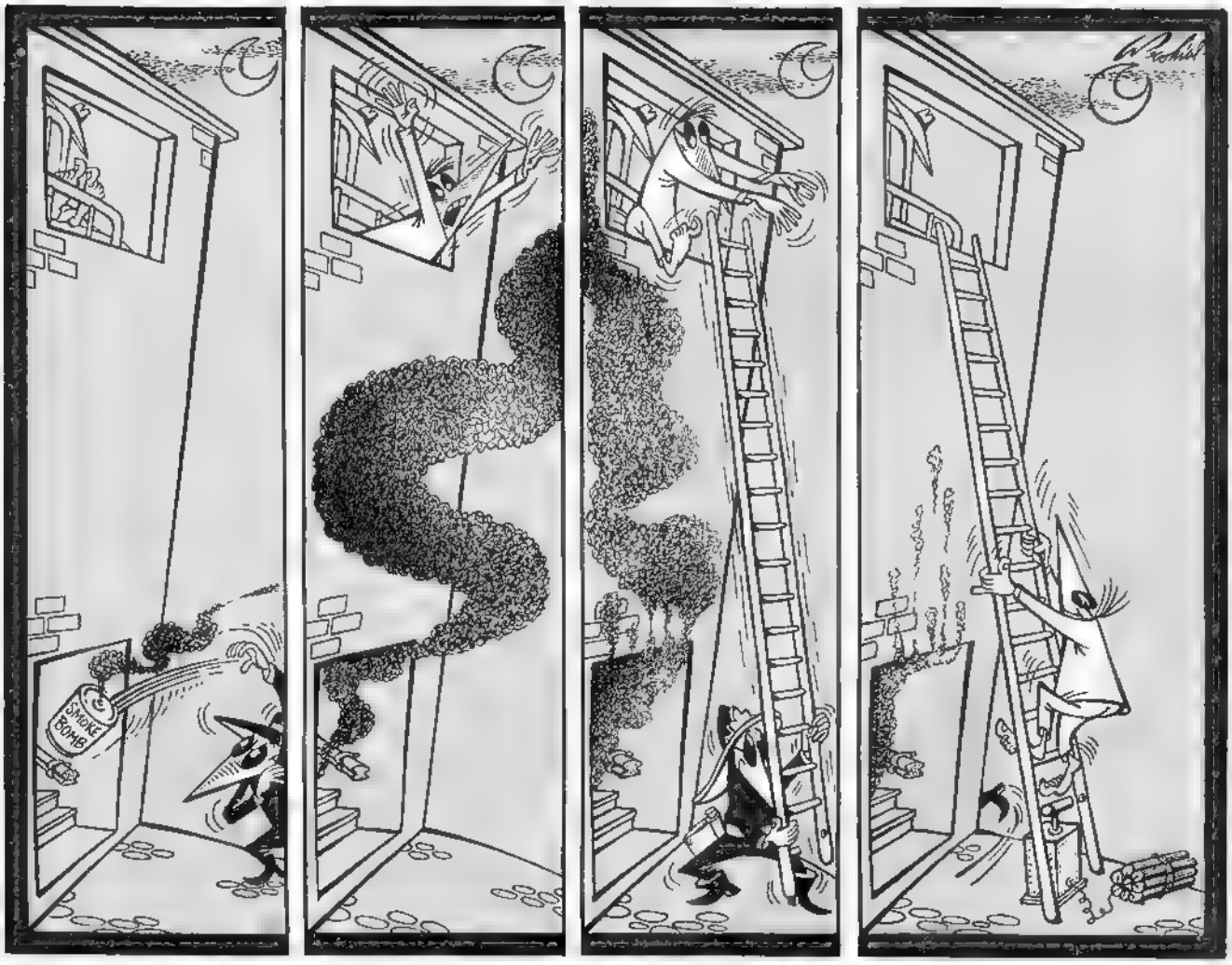
No, I'm practicing for the **lead** in **"Death of a Salesman"** —if it's ever **revived!**

No, it's very **well-mannered!**

No, we're testing a new and improved **room deodorant!**

No, it's just that I don't know how to spell **"ROTTEN"!**


SPY
VS
SPY


SMOKE BOMB

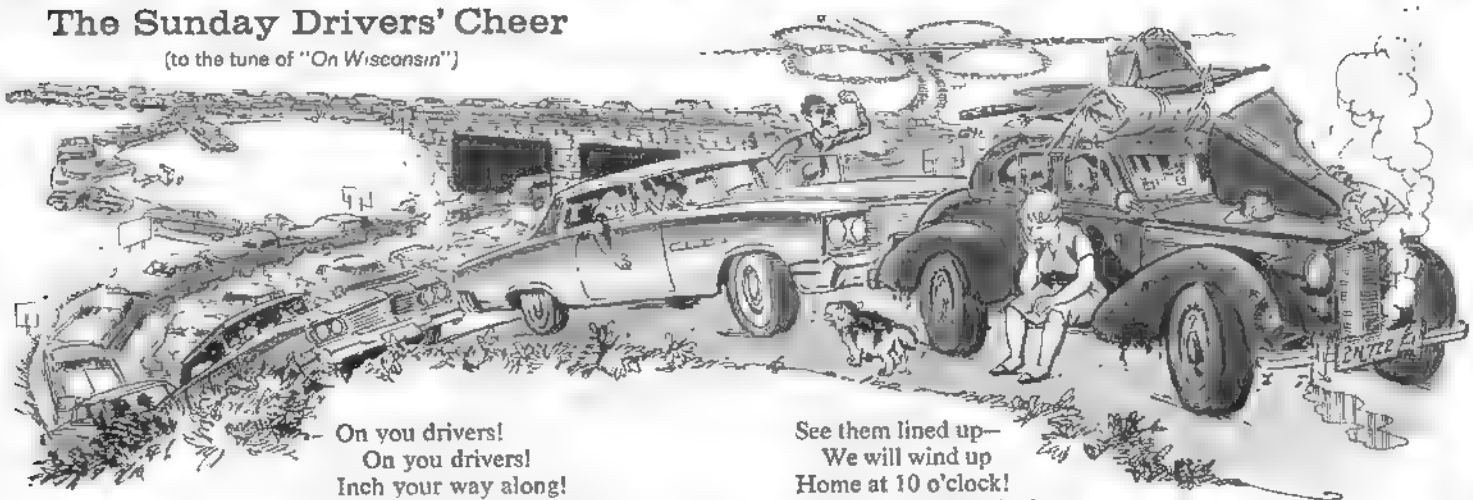
BATTLE HYMNS OF THE PUBLIC DEPT.

Not everybody can be a football hero. Not everybody can be a champion golfer or a record-breaking sprinter. Not everybody can be a Mickey Mantle, a Sandy Koufax, or a Pumpsie Green. But just remember: We plain,

FIGHT SONGS for (Playing the Game

The Sunday Drivers' Cheer

(to the tune of *"On Wisconsin"*)



On you drivers!
On you drivers!
Inch your way along!
Heading for a Sunday outing—
Fifty million strong (*Stop honking!*)

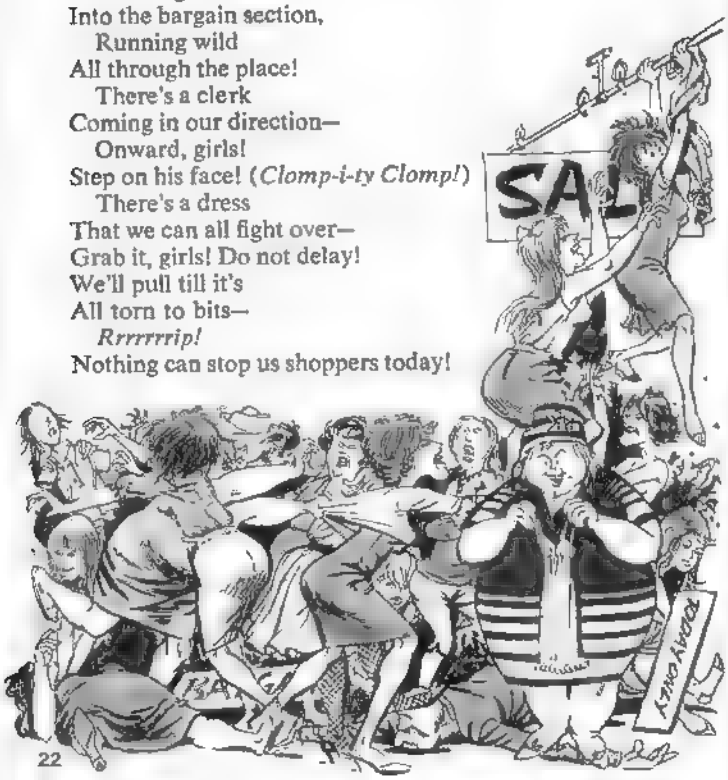
See them lined up—
We will wind up
Home at 10 o'clock!
And to think we only drove
A-round the block!

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

The Shoppers' Fight Song

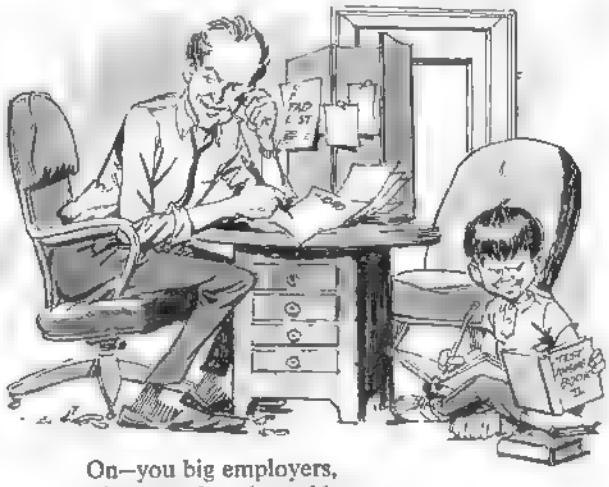
(to the tune of *"The Air Force Song"*)

Off we go
Into the bargain section,
Running wild
All through the place!
There's a clerk
Coming in our direction—
Onward, girls!
Step on his face! (*Clomp-i-ty Clomp!*)
There's a dress
That we can all fight over—
Grab it, girls! Do not delay!
We'll pull till it's
All torn to bits—
Rrrrrrrip!
Nothing can stop us shoppers today!



The Taxpayers' Rouser

(to the tune of *"The Song of the Vagabonds"*)



On—you big employers,
Clerks, and cooks and lawyers—
Cheat, cheat, cheat
Your Uncle Sam!
With expenses padding
And exemptions adding,
Cheat, cheat, cheat
Your Uncle Sam!
Don't declare the money that you earn!
Better still—don't file a return!
You'll be saving plenty,
And draw ten to twenty
Years in jail for Uncle Sam!

ordinary, unassuming clods are engaged in the most strenuous, demanding, competitive activity of all—the game of "Everyday Life"! So let's be enthusiastic and strike up the band while we sing these stirring . . .

the COMMON MAN of "Everyday Life")

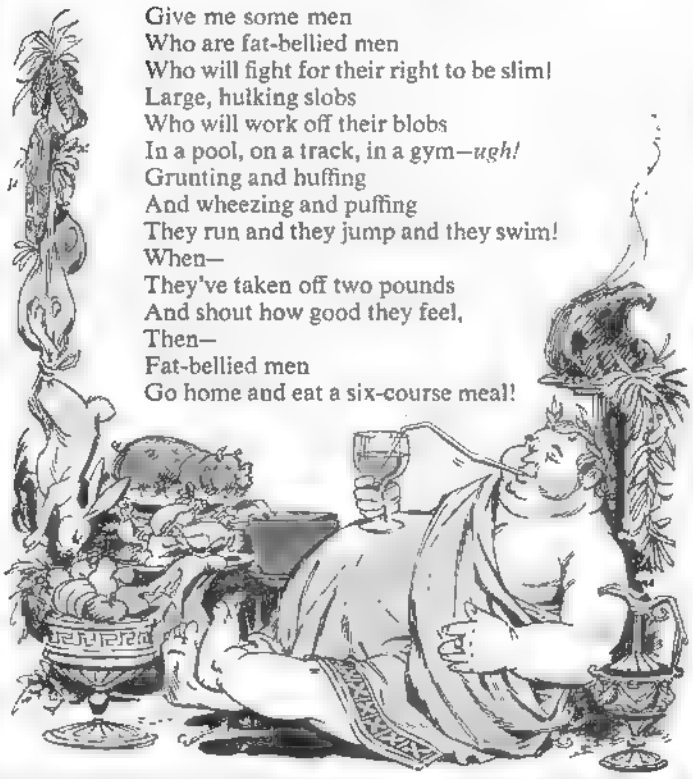
The Underpaid Employees' March

(to the tune of "*Over There*")

Get more pay!
  Get more pay!
Make your boss
  Come across!
Get more pay!
For he won't re-fuse you;
He's scared to lose you;
So start de-manding it today!
Don't delay!
  Have your say!
Show your stuff;
  Get real tough;
That's the way!
He's re-fusing!
Your job you're los-ing!
  But you real-ly won;
You got two weeks' sev'rance pay!

The Fat Men's Chorus

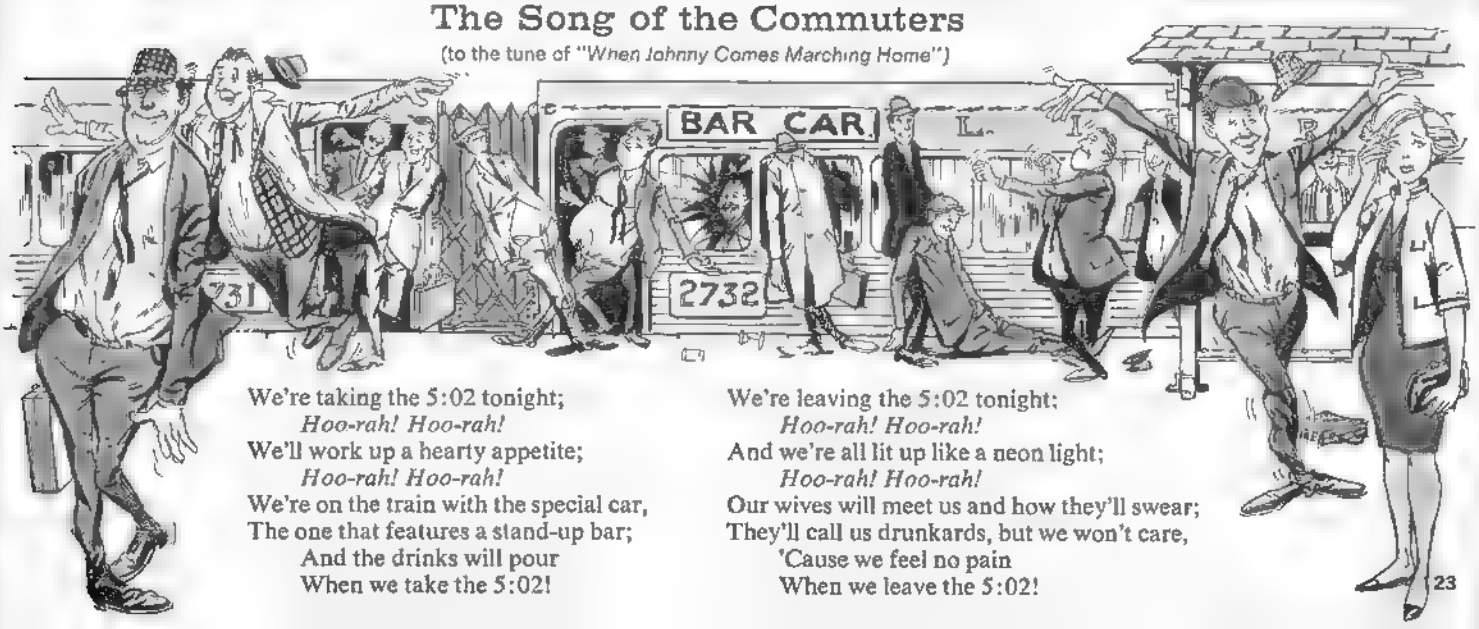
(to the tune of "*Stouthearted Men*")



Give me some men
Who are fat-bellied men
Who will fight for their right to be slim!
Large, hulking slobs
Who will work off their blobs
In a pool, on a track, in a gym—*ugh!*
Grunting and huffing
And wheezing and puffing
They run and they jump and they swim!
When—
They've taken off two pounds
And shout how good they feel,
Then—
Fat-bellied men
Go home and eat a six-course meal!

The Song of the Commuters

(to the tune of "*When Johnny Comes Marching Home*")

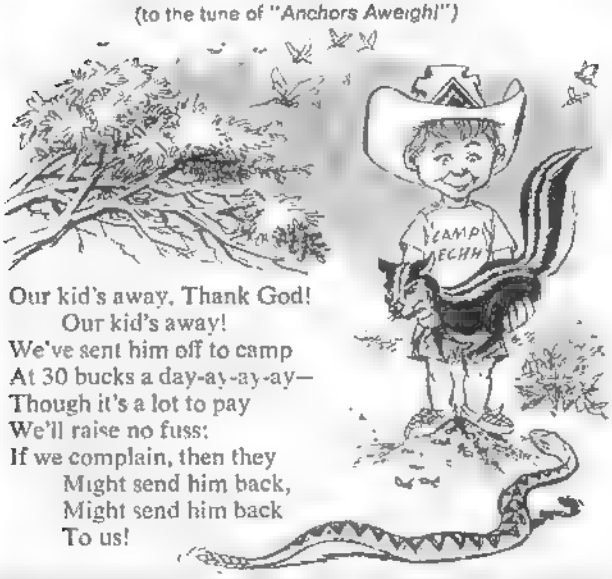


We're taking the 5:02 tonight;
  Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!
We'll work up a hearty appetite;
  Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!
We're on the train with the special car,
The one that features a stand-up bar;
  And the drinks will pour
  When we take the 5:02!

We're leaving the 5:02 tonight;
  Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!
And we're all lit up like a neon light;
  Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!
Our wives will meet us and how they'll swear;
They'll call us drunkards, but we won't care,
  'Cause we feel no pain
  When we leave the 5:02!

The Parents' Anthem

(to the tune of *"Anchors Aweigh!"*)



Our kid's away, Thank God!
Our kid's away!
We've sent him off to camp
At 30 bucks a day-ay-ay-ay—
Though it's a lot to pay
We'll raise no fuss:
If we complain, then they
Might send him back,
Might send him back
To us!

The Week-End Gardeners' Hymn

(to the tune of *"From The Halls of Montezuma"*)

From the ants in our petunia bed,
To the crabgrass on our lawn—
We will fight them off with chem-i-cals,
Till the bugs and weeds are gone;
We'll use quarts and quarts of poison spray,
And we won't stop till we're through;
All the bugs and weeds are dying now,
But the plants and trees are, too!

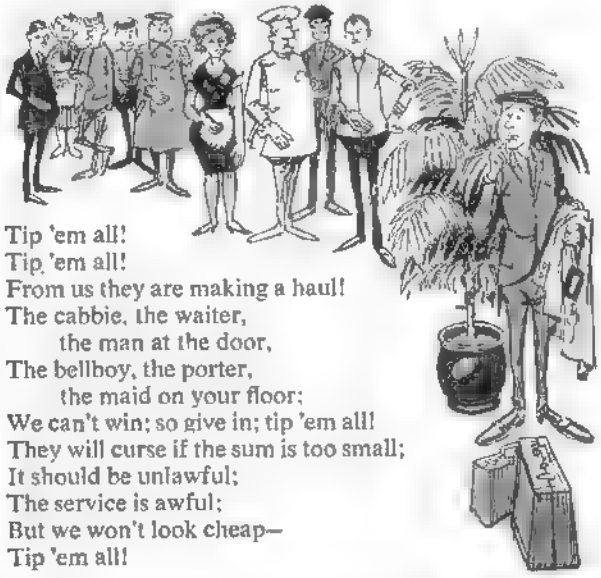
The Consumers' Fight Song

(to the tune of *"The Notre Dame Fight Song"*)

Cheer, cheer for our charge accounts!
We run up bills in mammoth amounts!
Freezers, sports cars, TV sets—
Each one is bringing brand-new debts;
What though the bills be great or be small,
We can't pay one, so why pay at all?
We'll still live in comfort while
We're heading for bank-rupt-cy!

The Tippers' Chant

(to the tune of *"Bless 'Em All"*)



Tip 'em all!
Tip 'em all!
From us they are making a haul!
The cabbie, the waiter,
the man at the door,
The bellboy, the porter,
the maid on your floor;
We can't win; so give in; tip 'em all!
They will curse if the sum is too small;
It should be unlawful;
The service is awful;
But we won't look cheap—
Tip 'em all!

The Barflies' Hymn

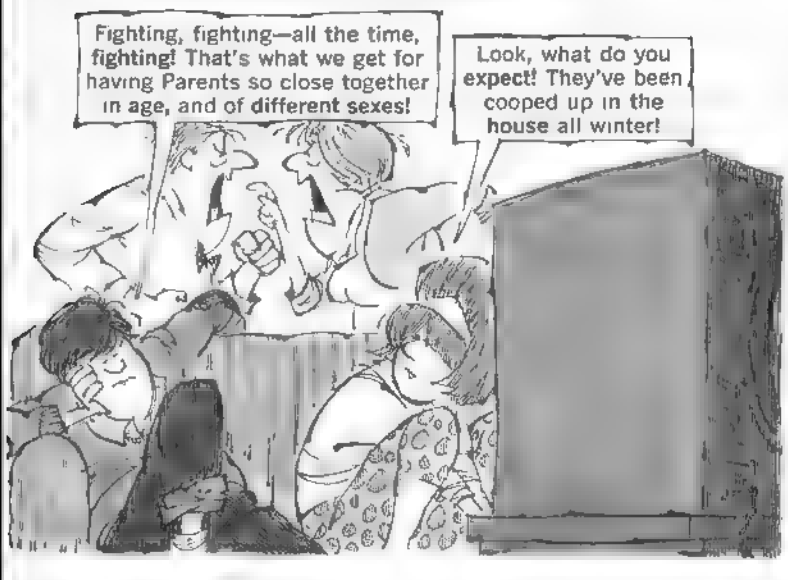
(to the tune of *"Over Hill, Over Dale"*)

Over booze, over beer,
We will argue through the year
As the barflies go yapping along;
Football facts, baseball lore,
We remember every score,
As the barflies go yapping along;
For it's Hi, Hi, Hee!
When some rummy don't agree—
Shout out your answer loud and strong:
Sez You!
We will prove our point
While we're busting up the joint
As the barflies go yapping along!

FUDDY-DUDDY BUDDY SYSTEM DEPT.

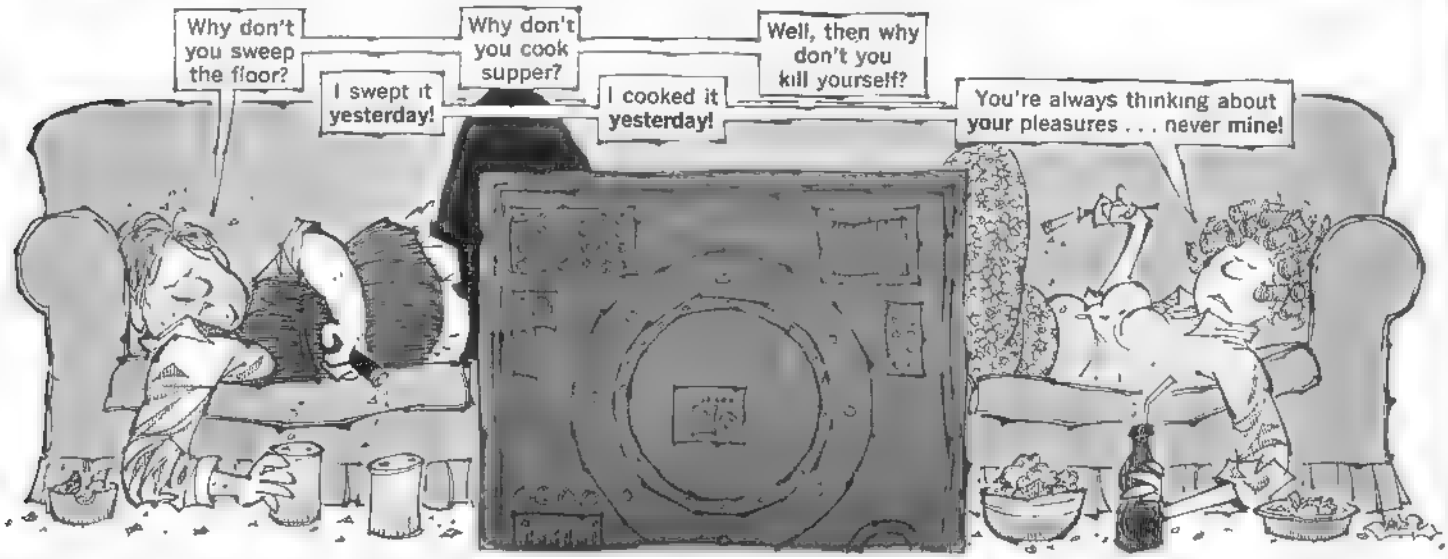
HEY, KIDS! EVERY YEAR, ALONG ABOUT SPRINGTIME, DO YOUR PARENTS . . .

. . . start getting on your nerves?



. . . make impossible demands?

. . . and act bored?



WHY NOT *GET RID* OF YOUR PARENTS NEXT SUMMER? PACK THEM OFF TO . . .

"CAMP ALFEENEUMAHAHA"

MAD'S Summer Camp For Adults

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR. WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

HERE ARE SOME OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS THAT

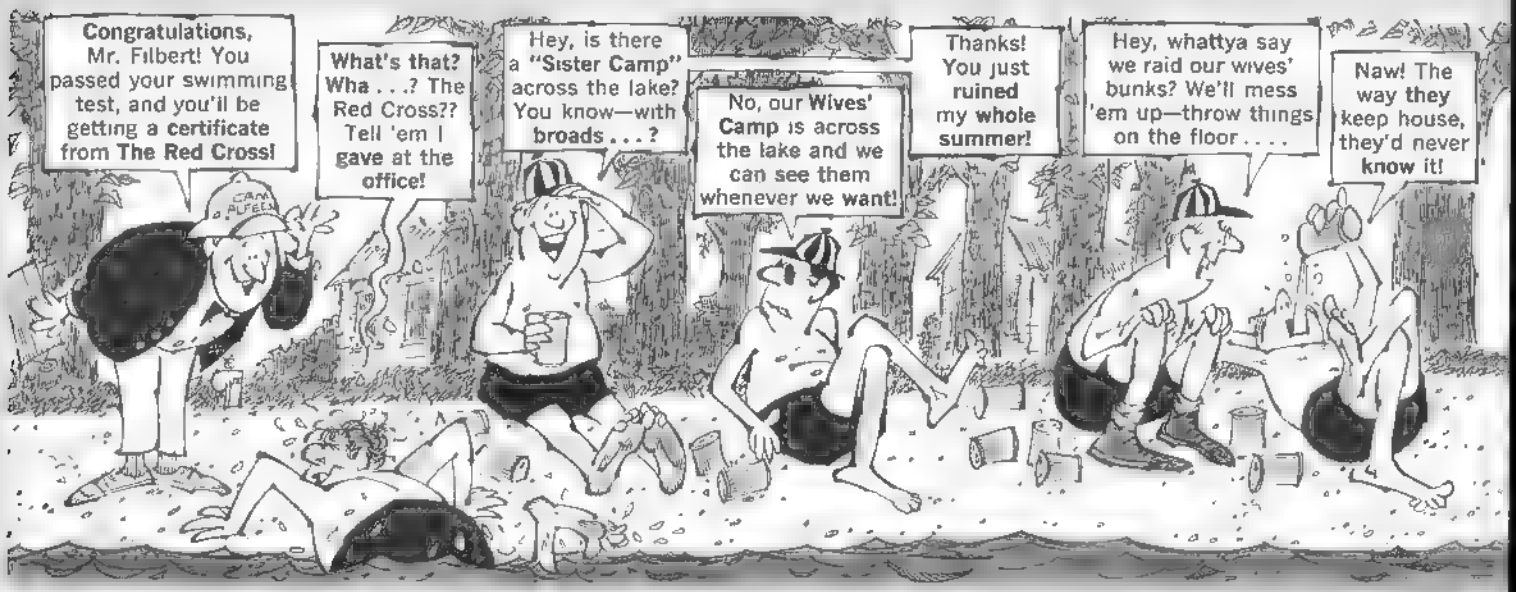
Transportation To and From The Camp

All Kinds Of Competitive Sports

A Well-Equipped Infirmary

MAD'S SUMMER CAMP FOR ADULTS HAS TO OFFER:

A Magnificent Lake



Arts and Crafts

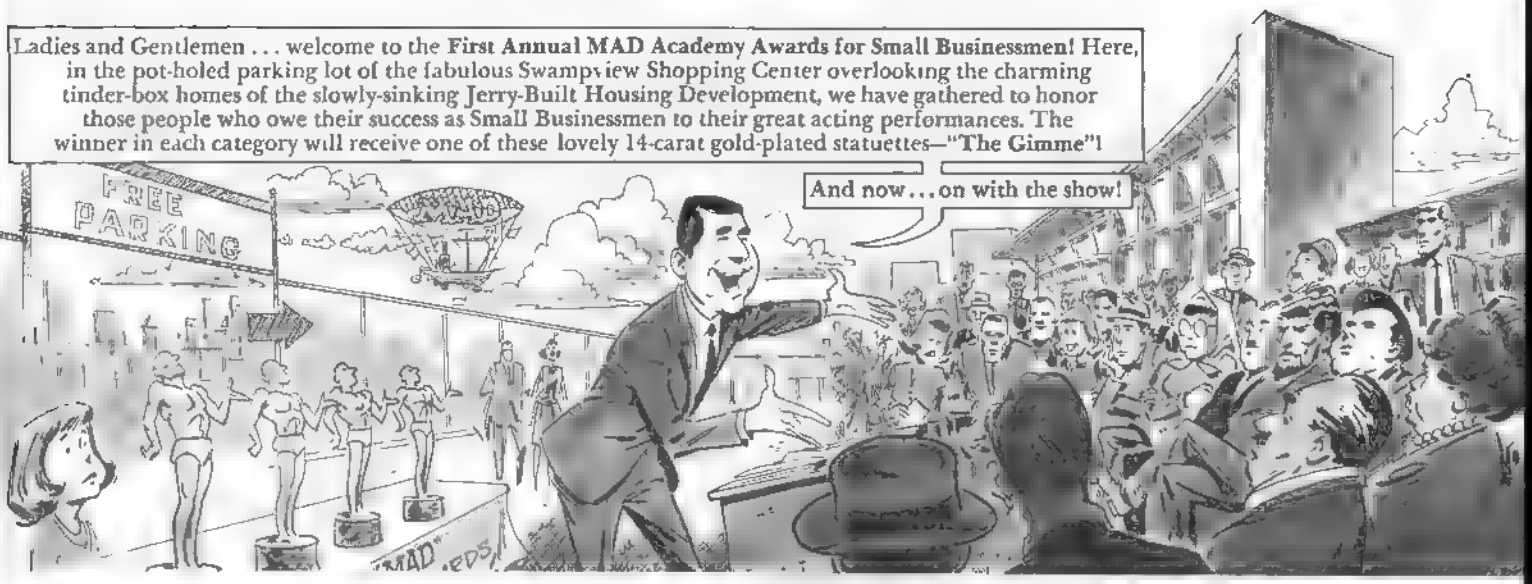
A Camp-Reunion at a Mid-Town Hotel Next Winter

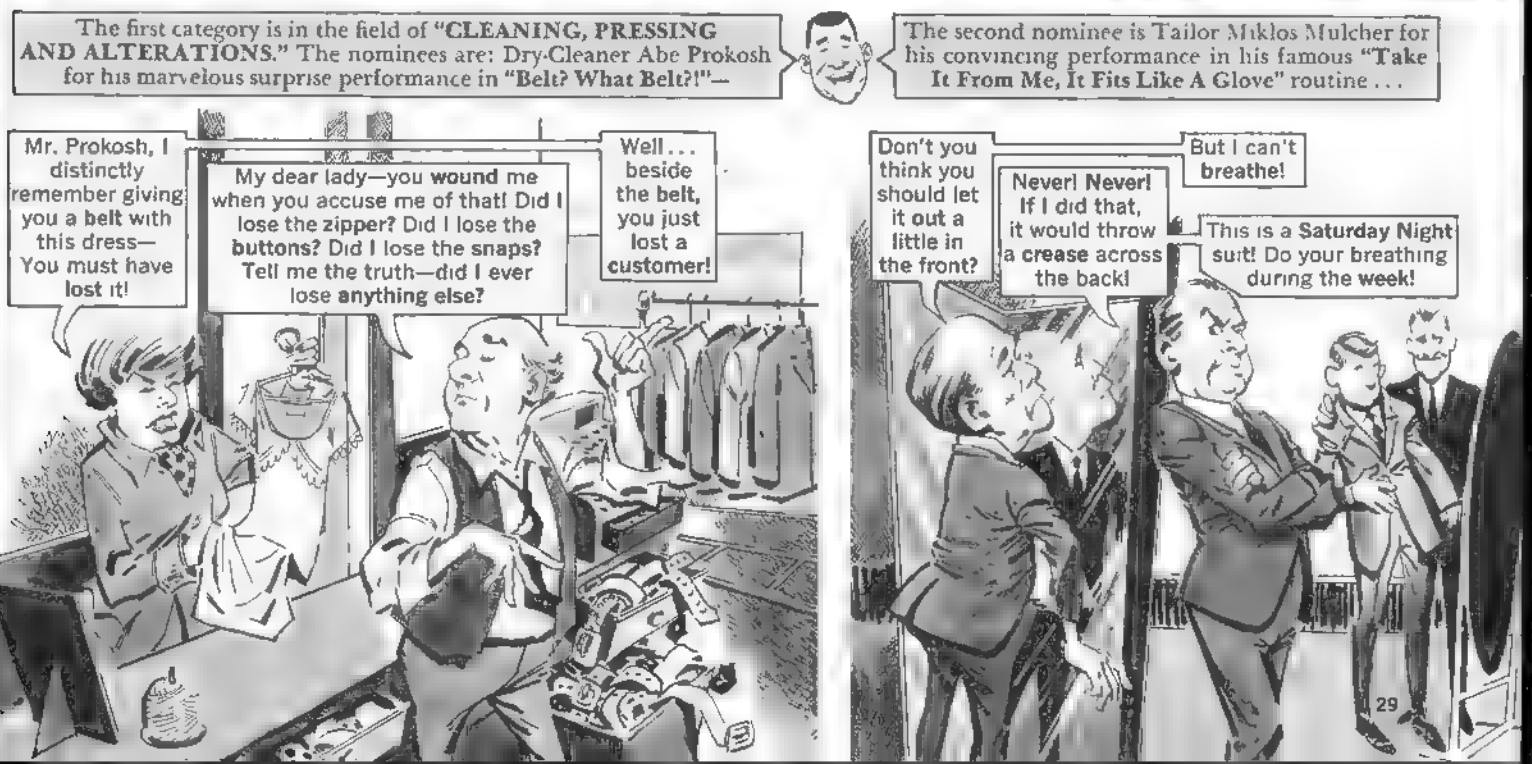
EARLY ONE MORNING

In past issues of MAD, you've been exposed to our Academy Awards for home movie buffs, and for parents who drive their kids nuts. But these idiots were strictly amateurs. How about the people who give magnificent acting performances for a living? We don't mean actors who only emote for a couple of hours a day — but the hard-core professionals who perform from 9-to-5 and even longer . . . mainly, The Small Businessman. So just relax, loosen your belts, and watch your pants fall down as we proudly present . . .

THE MAD ACADEMY AWARDS FOR SMALL BUSINESSMEN

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: STAN HART





The third nominee is Elmer Budd for his classic "Look, Lady, I Got My Own Problems" routine . . .

What do you mean my gown won't be ready till Monday!? I need it for tonight's Prom!

How should I know that?

But Monday will make two months that you've had it—and I paid extra for your Special Fast Service!

Two months IS our Special Fast Service!

And the winner is Cleaner & Presser Leon Luchow—for his stirring "I Never Made Any Promises" routine . . .

I tried, but it's impossible to get spots out of silk!

I think it's Orlon!

It might be Rayon!

Orlon! That's the worst!!

Rayon! That's even worse!!

Congratulations, Mr. Luchow—and here is your gold "Gimmie"!

Gold!! That's even worse!!

The second category is in the field of "SODA FOUNTAINS"—and the nominees are: Oscar Rebus for his "Haven't You Kids Got Anything Better To Do Than Annoy Me" routine . . .

For the millionth time . . . keep your hands off those magazines! Who's gonna buy them after you mess them up! This ain't the Public Library, you know!

We know! The Public Library ain't got magazines with dirty pictures!!

The second nominee is Arthur Beemish doing his familiar "Don't Forget, I'm Watching You" scene.

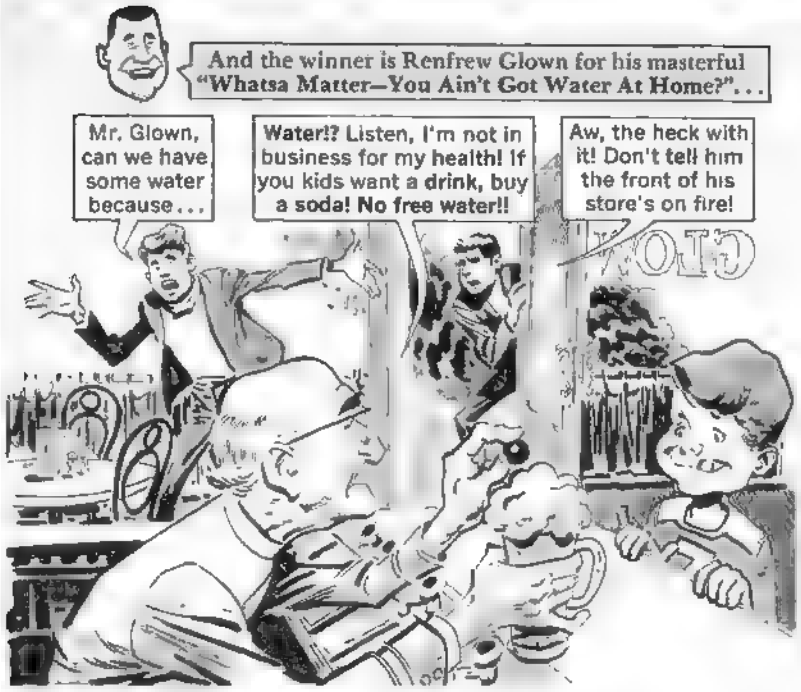
You take anything without paying and I'll call a cop! You kids are all alike . . . juvenile delinquents trying to rob me blind! Well, don't try to pull any of that smart-alec stuff around here . . .

Gee—I just came in to tell you that Mom said you should come home for dinner, Pop!

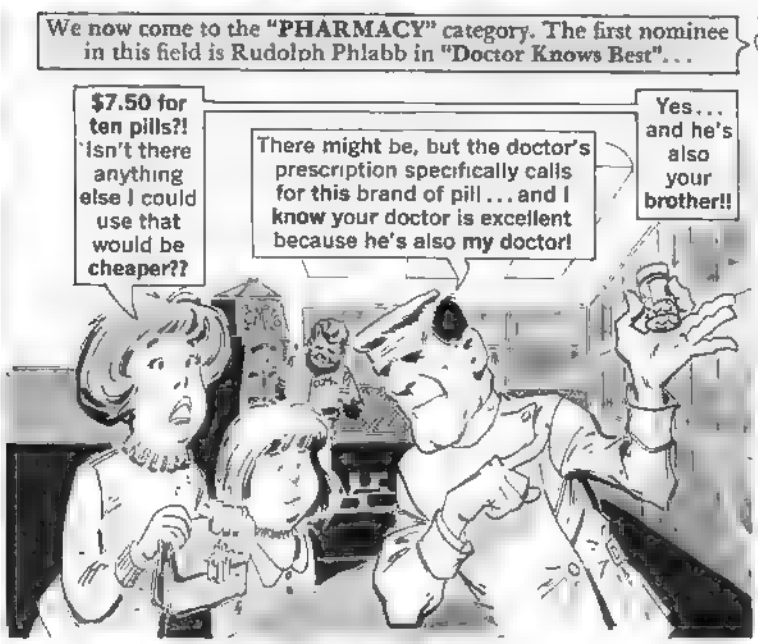
The third nominee is Wolfgang Kuggle for his inspiring performance in "I Don't Care—That's Not *My* Bottle" . . .

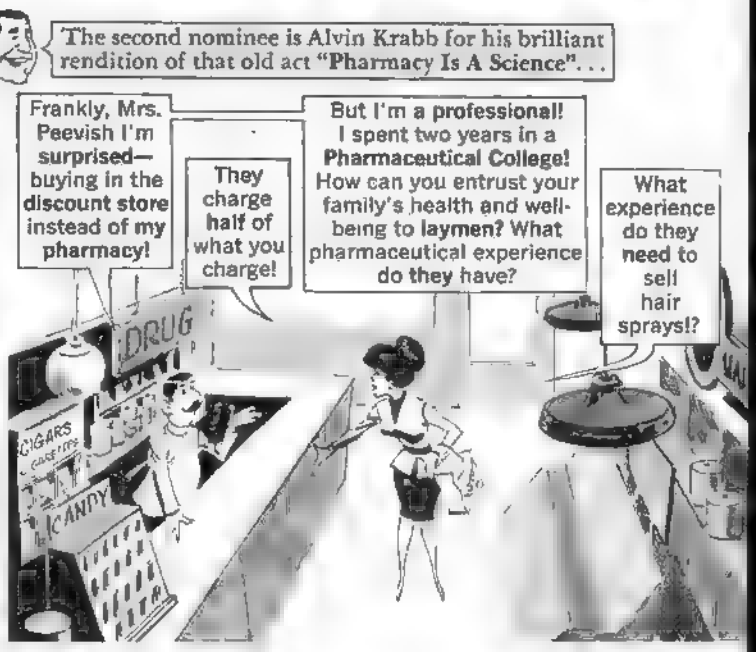
Don't you try and return that deposit bottle here! I'm not taking any old bottle you just happen to dig up! Besides, I don't carry that brand of soda, so don't you try fooling me—

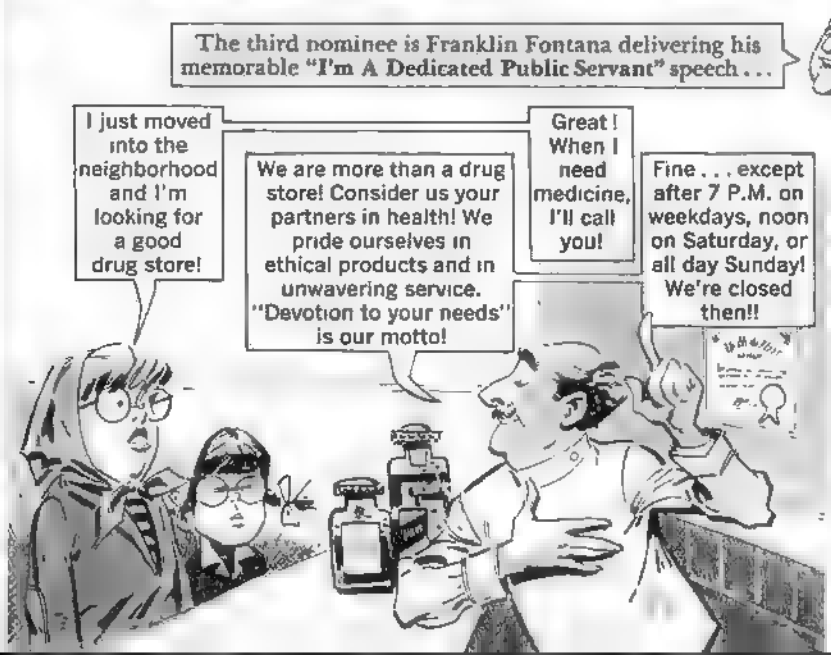
But I'm not trying to return it! I'm trying to buy it!


And the winner is Renfrew Glown for his masterful "Whatsa Matter—You Ain't Got Water At Home?"...
Mr. Glown, can we have some water because...
Water!? Listen, I'm not in business for my health! If you kids want a drink, buy a soda! No free water!!
Aw, the heck with it! Don't tell him the front of his store's on fire!

And here, Mr. Glown, is your "Gimmee" for that outstanding performance! Never—in all my years...
Stop trying to butter me up! I'm not giving you no free glass of water either!

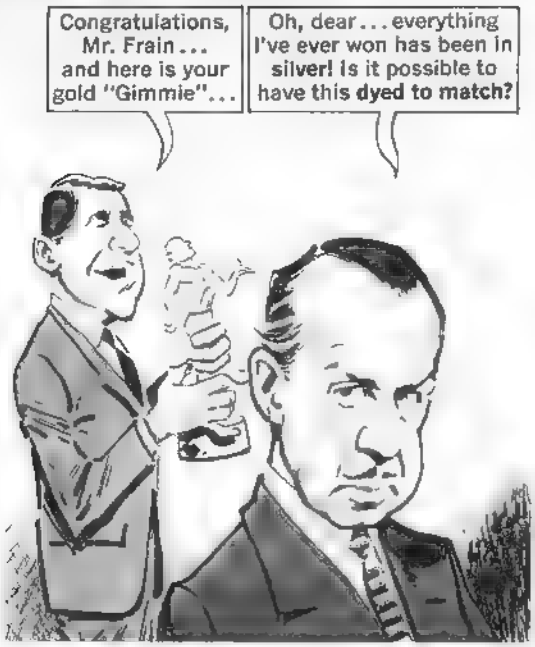

We now come to the "PHARMACY" category. The first nominee in this field is Rudolph Phlabb in "Doctor Knows Best"...
$7.50 for ten pills?! Isn't there anything else I could use that would be cheaper??
There might be, but the doctor's prescription specifically calls for this brand of pill ... and I know your doctor is excellent because he's also my doctor!
Yes... and he's also your brother!!

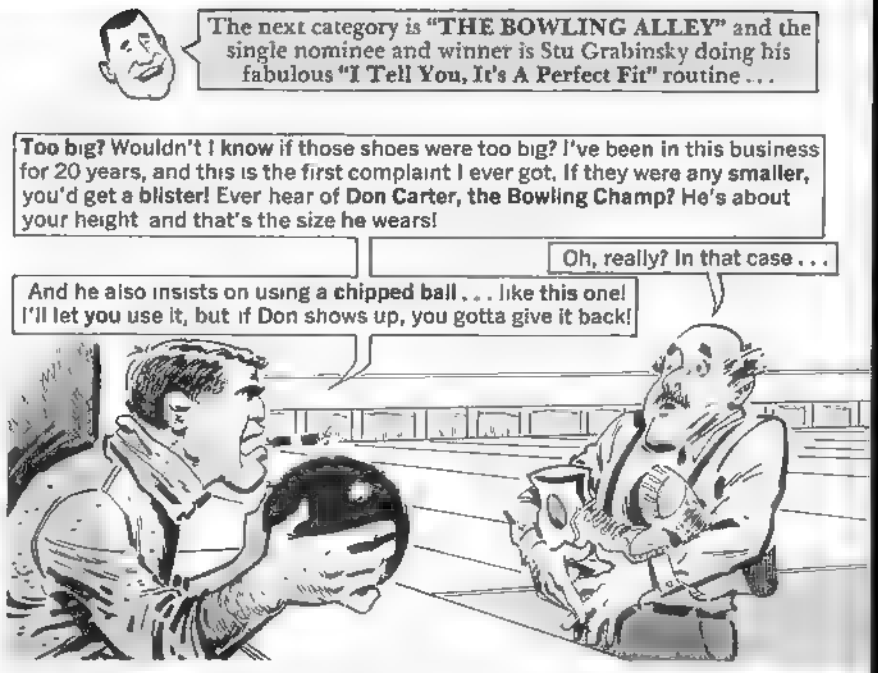

The second nominee is Alvin Krabb for his brilliant rendition of that old act "Pharmacy Is A Science"...
Frankly, Mrs. Peevish I'm surprised—buying in the discount store instead of my pharmacy!
They charge half of what you charge!
But I'm a professional! I spent two years in a Pharmaceutical College! How can you entrust your family's health and well-being to laymen? What pharmaceutical experience do they have?
What experience do they need to sell hair sprays!?
DRUG
CIGARS
CANDY


The third nominee is Franklin Fontana delivering his memorable "I'm A Dedicated Public Servant" speech...
I just moved into the neighborhood and I'm looking for a good drug store!
We are more than a drug store! Consider us your partners in health! We pride ourselves in ethical products and in unwavering service. "Devotion to your needs" is our motto!
Great! When I need medicine, I'll call you!
Fine... except after 7 P.M. on weekdays, noon on Saturday, or all day Sunday! We're closed then!!

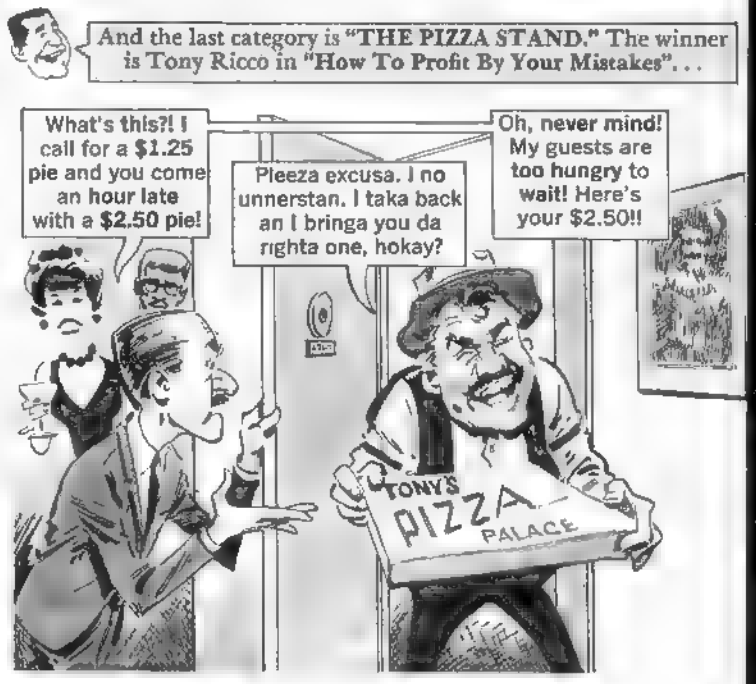
And the winner of this category is Paul Knitzer for his brilliant performance as "The Thoughtful One"...
Tut, tut, my dear! Let ol' Doc Knitzer help you lick that nasty complexion problem! First, my special skin cream—only $4.95 a bottle. Next, my special soap—only 98¢ a bar. And finally, my special medicated cosmetic base—only $3.50 a jar...
Thank you so much! I've been so upset!
Well, then—take your mind off your problems! How about some chocolate ice cream—special today, only $2.50 a gallon?

You were brilliant, Mr. Knitzer!
If you give people what they want, they'll keep coming back!
You mean like that girl?
As long as she keeps eating that chocolate ice cream, she'll keep coming back!
In the field of "TV REPAIR," the single nominee and winner is Stan Rapier as "The Very Soul Of Honesty."
You thief! Do you think you can put one over on me? I wasn't born yesterday!
Control yourself! How can you accuse me of dishonesty? Don't you see my "TV Repairman's Association Seal" in the window? Doesn't that motto mean anything? I have a code of ethics to maintain!
But you took out all my new tubes and replaced them with old ones!
Naturally! Everyone in the business knows that they don't make tubes like they used to!
In the category of "AUTO MECHANICS," the sole nominee and winner is Melvin Twirpp as "The Professional"...
Congratulations on a great performance, Stan! And here's what you've won! Aren't you delighted?
Can't tell yet! Gotta take it back to the shop first!
You can see for yourself —the differential needs work! Er—you know anything about cars?
Very little, I'm afraid!
Really? And not only the differential, but the transmission, brake drums and cylinder tappets need replacements. The front-end suspension is shot and the points and plugs have had it! It'll take about $250—and I won't be making a dime on the deal!
GAS
The next category is "THE LADIES SHOE SALESMAN." The single nominee and winner is Barry Frain for his plaintive "Just A Moment, I'll Be Right With You"...
Here's your "Gimmie", Mel...
I don't want to touch it! My hands are dirty! I've been outside working on some parked cars!
You never stop, eh, Mel! And when the people get into their cars, they'll find that their troubles are over...?
No—they'll find their troubles are just starting!
Sorry to keep you waiting, dear, but this is our busy day. Just give me a few more minutes and I'll be right with you! Oh—if I only had more customers as understanding as you! By the way... what did you have in mind?
When I came in I was looking for white shoes, but the season is over now!


Congratulations, Mr. Frain . . . and here is your gold "Gimmie" . . .
Oh, dear . . . everything I've ever won has been in silver! Is it possible to have this dyed to match?

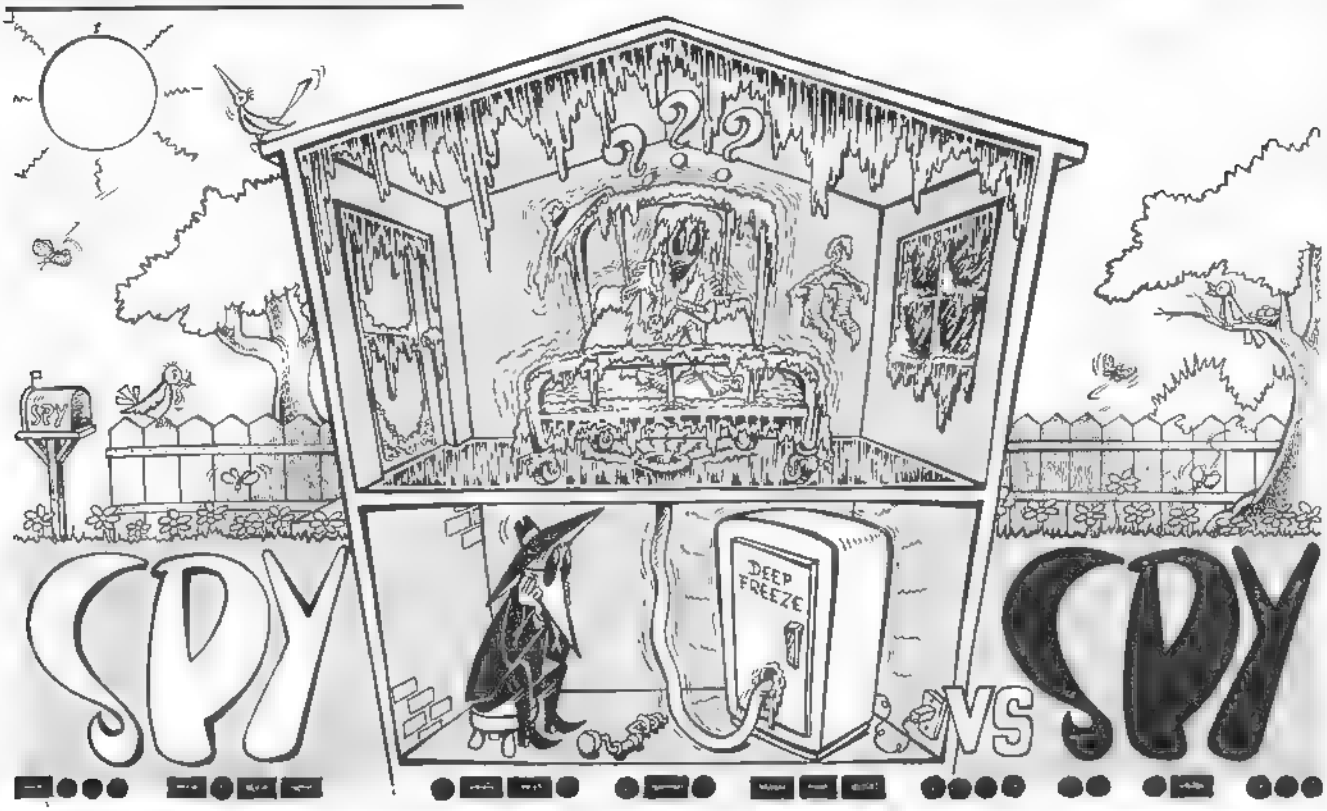

The next category is "THE BOWLING ALLEY" and the single nominee and winner is Stu Grabinsky doing his fabulous "I Tell You, It's A Perfect Fit" routine . . .
Too big? Wouldn't I know if those shoes were too big? I've been in this business for 20 years, and this is the first complaint I ever got. If they were any smaller, you'd get a blister! Ever hear of Don Carter, the Bowling Champ? He's about your height and that's the size he wears!
Oh, really? In that case . . .
And he also insists on using a chipped ball . . . like this one! I'll let you use it, but if Don shows up, you gotta give it back!

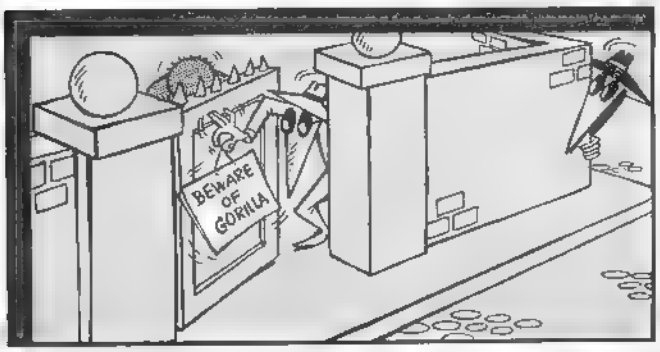
In accepting this award, I'd like to announce that our 1965 Open Bowling Tourney begins next week! First prize will be a month's supply of our famous hamburgers!
Oh, really? And what's the second prize?
Two months' supply!

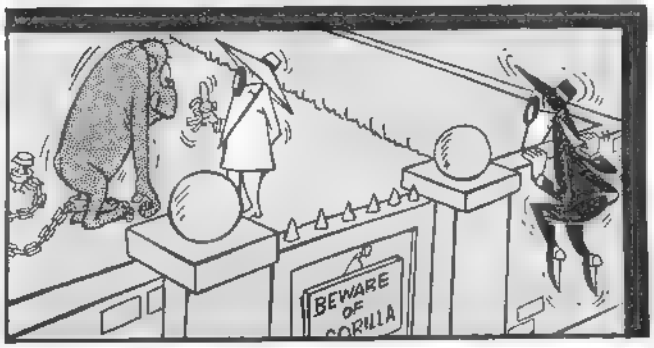

And the last category is "THE PIZZA STAND." The winner is Tony Ricco in "How To Profit By Your Mistakes" . . .
What's this?! I call for a $1.25 pie and you come an hour late with a $2.50 pie!
Pleeza excusa. I no unnerstan. I taka back an I bringa you da righta one, hokay?
Oh, never mind! My guests are too hungry to wait! Here's your $2.50!!
TONY'S PIZZA PALACE

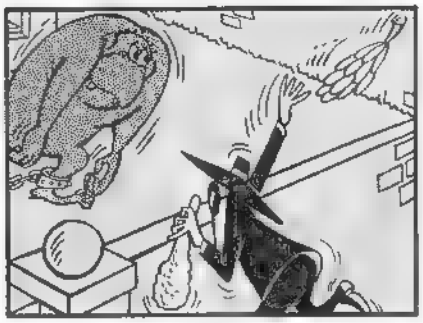
An' here is prize, Tony! This for you! You did good—very original—nice—kapish??
Please do not patronize me, Sir! I merely applied a few rules of retailing I learned at the Wharton School of Business in a most judicious manner!
Well, that's it folks! As the ceremonies marking the First Annual MAD Academy Awards For Small Businessmen draws to a close, and the recipients and hopefuls rush back to their shops and stores to carry on their great performances in hopes of capturing next year's awards, let me invite all of you to keep your eyes and ears open for possible nominees. Just send their names to your nearest Better Business Bureau or Police Station!
JACK RICKARD

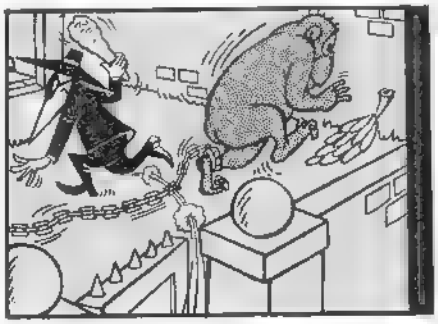
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II

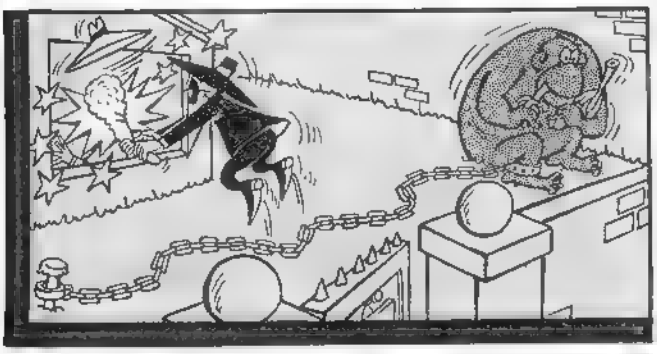


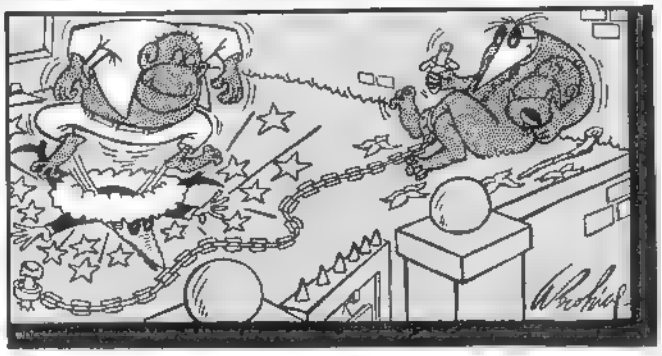








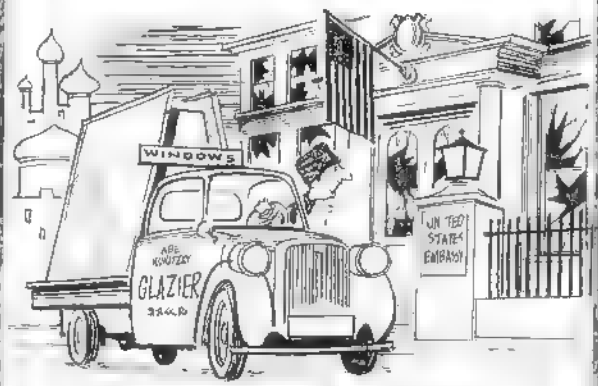




JOHNSON'S WACKS DEPT.

For the past few months we've been racking our brains, trying to think of what outrageous thing we could possibly do now that would make you forget how angry you are at us for raising the price of our Magazine to 30c. Well, we finally thought of it! Ready? Here, then, is another Primer:

THE MAD UNITED STATES FOREIGN POLICY PRIMER

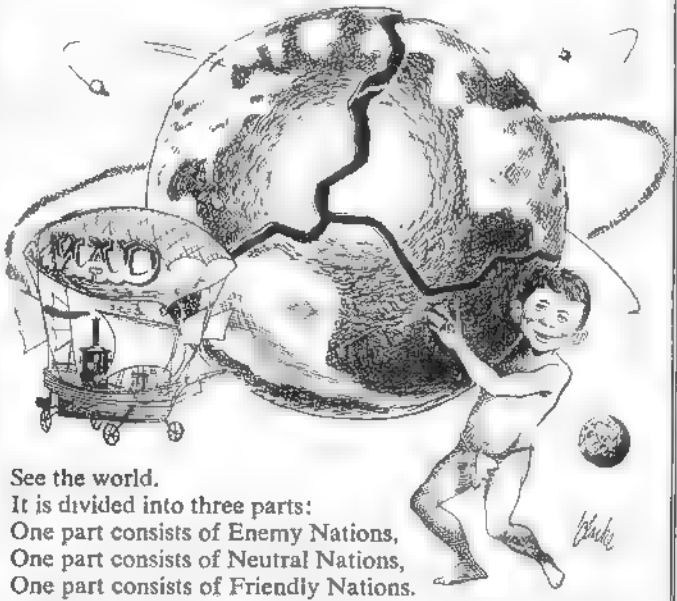


Illustrated by Robert James Clarke
Written by Lawrence Harvey Siegel

LESSON 1.

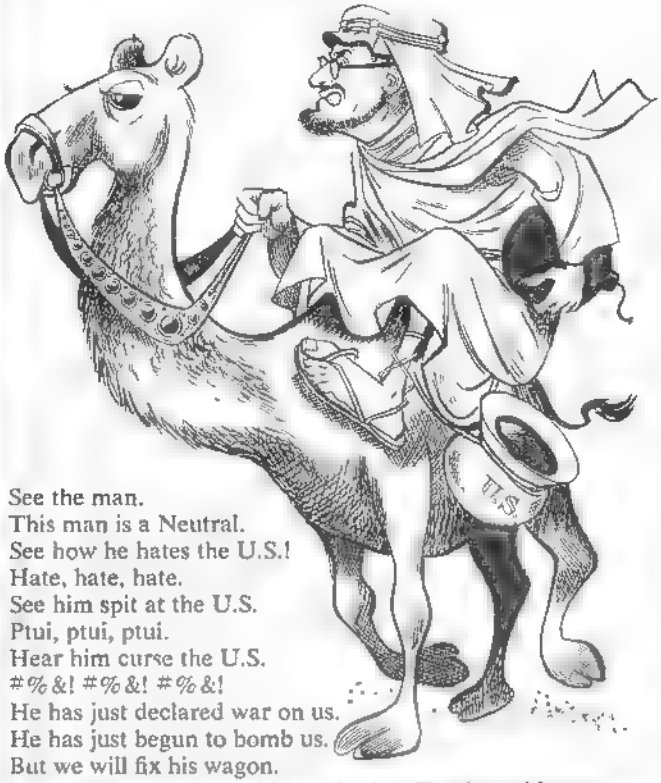
See the nice President.
He is writing a U.S. Foreign Policy speech.
What is our Foreign Policy?
It is Vigorous Containment
Mixed with Massive Retaliation
Mixed with Careful Brinkmanship
Mixed with plenty of Milk, Cream, Sugar
And your favorite Fruit.
Does this sound confusing?
Someday you will understand it.
After all, you are only eight.
Someday the nice President will understand it, too.
After all, he is only fifty-eight.

LESSON 2.



See the world.
It is divided into three parts:
One part consists of Enemy Nations,
One part consists of Neutral Nations,
One part consists of Friendly Nations.
We have been pushing our style of Democracy at all of them.
Has this policy succeeded?
You bet it has.
Today, our Enemies hate us,
The Neutrals hate us,
And our Friends hate us.
Which proves an important Democratic Principle:
All men are equal.

LESSON 3.

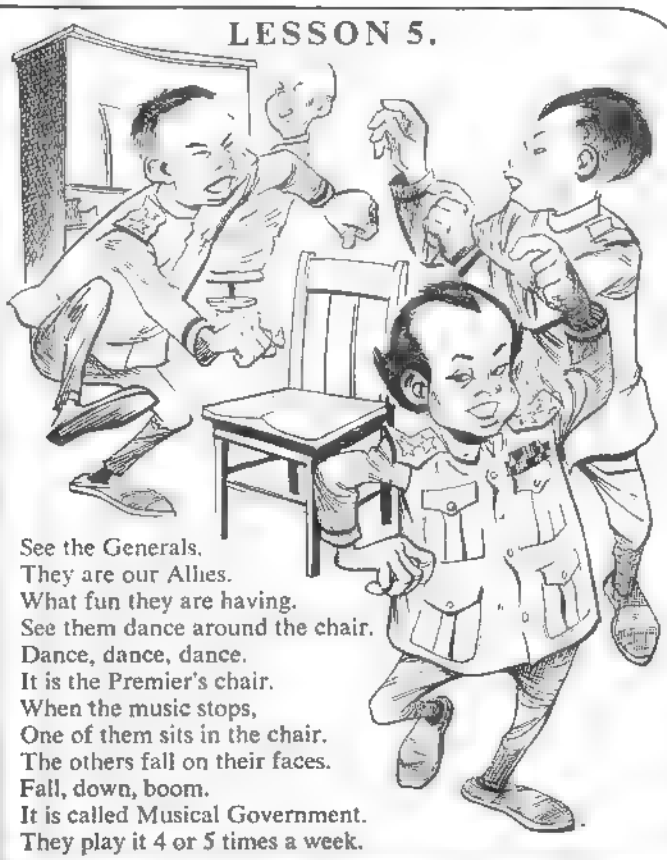


See the man.
This man is a Neutral.
See how he hates the U.S.!
Hate, hate, hate.
See him spit at the U.S.
Ptui, ptui, ptui.
Hear him curse the U.S.
#%&! #%&! #%&!
He has just declared war on us.
He has just begun to bomb us.
But we will fix his wagon.
Next week, we will send him a lot less Foreign Aid money.

LESSON 4.

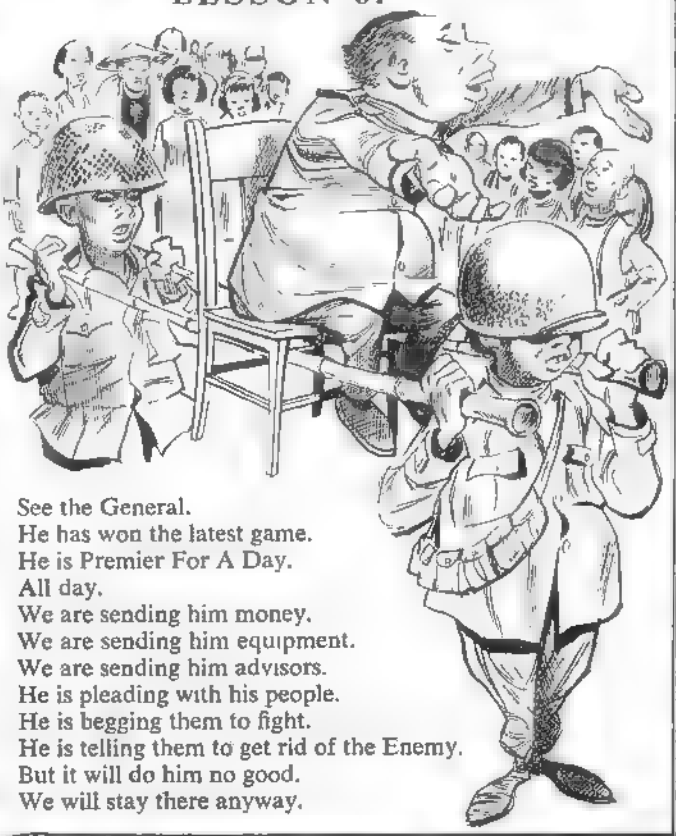
See the man.
This man is head of a new African Nation.
He resents U.S. Racial Policies.
He resents that U.S. Negroes are Second-Class Citizens.
We want this man to love us.
We want *everyone* to love us.
So we will show him how well we treat Negroes.
We will appoint a Negro Ambassador to his country.
But he will still hate us
Because we think so little of him
That we have the nerve to send an Ambassador
Who is a Second-Class Citizen.
You just can't win.

LESSON 5.



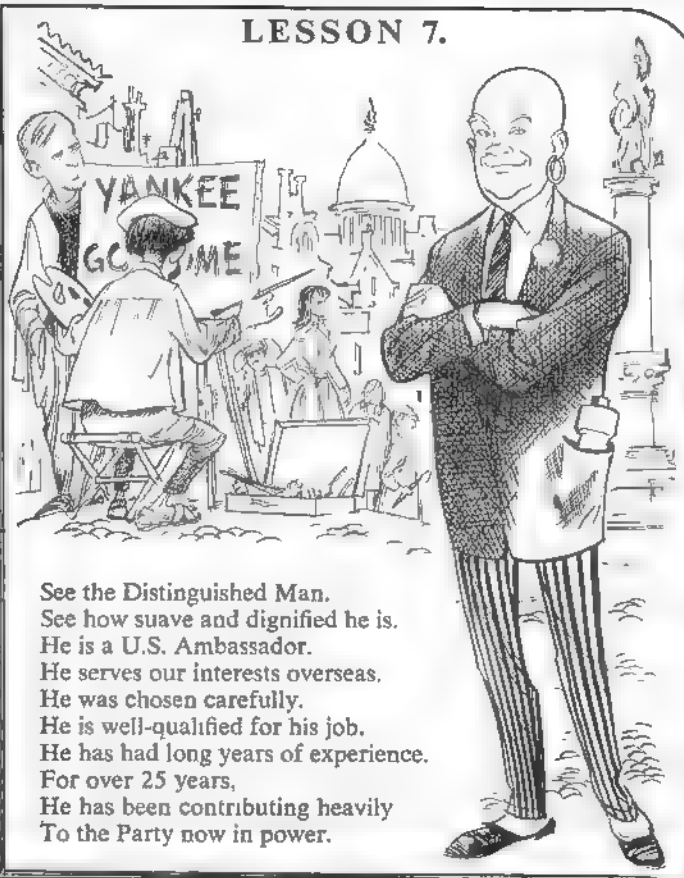
See the Generals.
They are our Allies.
What fun they are having.
See them dance around the chair.
Dance, dance, dance.
It is the Premier's chair.
When the music stops,
One of them sits in the chair.
The others fall on their faces.
Fall, down, boom.
It is called Musical Government.
They play it 4 or 5 times a week.

LESSON 6.



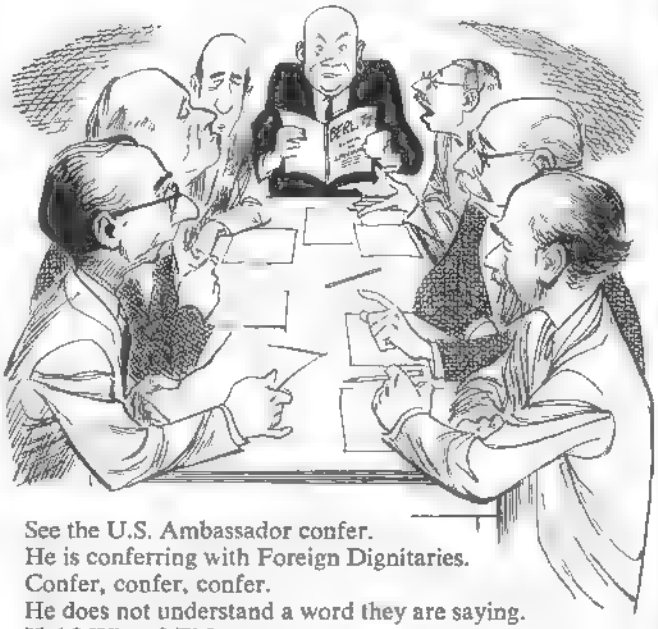
See the General.
He has won the latest game.
He is Premier For A Day.
All day.
We are sending him money.
We are sending him equipment.
We are sending him advisors.
He is pleading with his people.
He is begging them to fight.
He is telling them to get rid of the Enemy.
But it will do him no good.
We will stay there anyway.

LESSON 7.



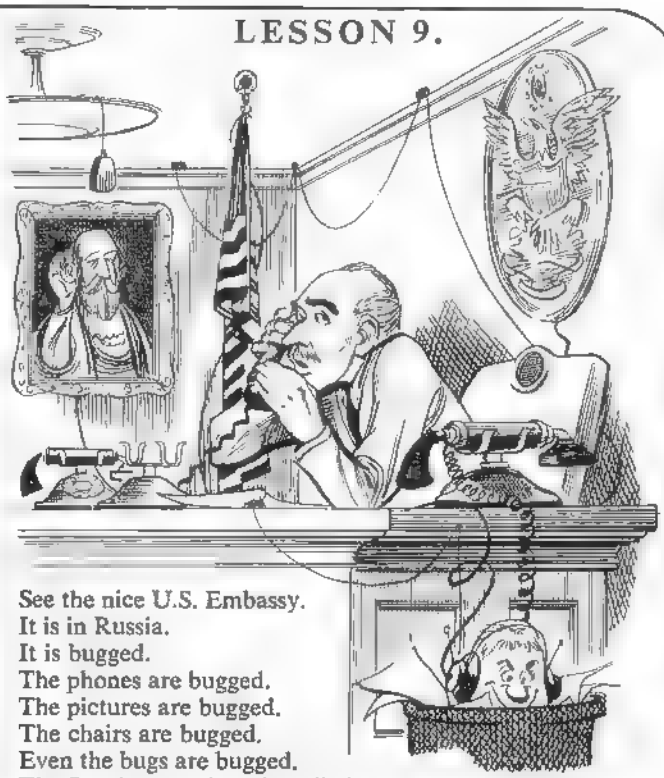
See the Distinguished Man.
See how suave and dignified he is.
He is a U.S. Ambassador.
He serves our interests overseas.
He was chosen carefully.
He is well-qualified for his job.
He has had long years of experience.
For over 25 years,
He has been contributing heavily
To the Party now in power.

LESSON 8.



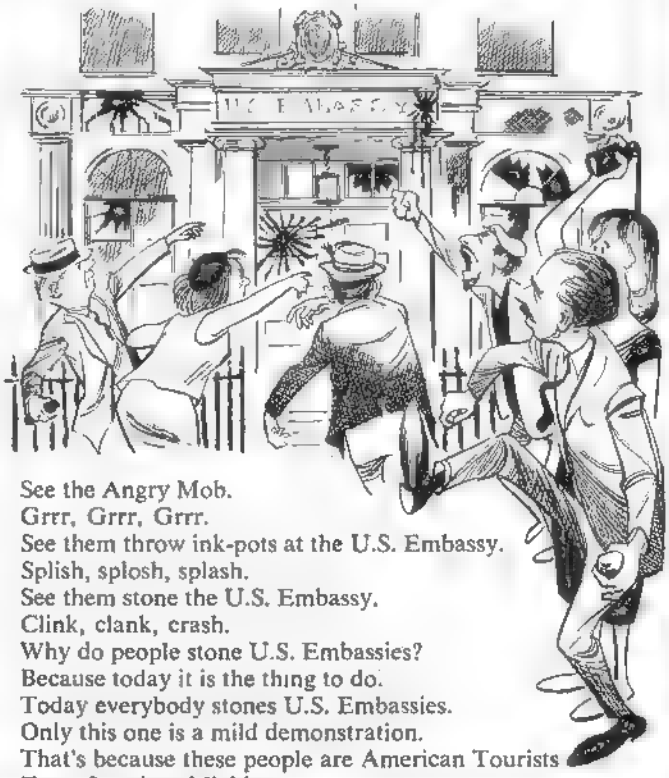
See the U.S. Ambassador confer.
He is conferring with Foreign Dignitaries.
Confer, confer, confer.
He does not understand a word they are saying.
Huh? Wha—? Eh?
This is a problem shared by many U. S. Ambassadors
Most of them cannot speak the language
Of the country in which they are stationed.
What makes it so embarrassing for *this* U.S. Ambassador
Is that he is stationed in England.

LESSON 9.



See the nice U.S. Embassy.
It is in Russia.
It is bugged.
The phones are bugged.
The pictures are bugged.
The chairs are bugged.
Even the bugs are bugged.
The Russians are learning all about our Foreign Policy.
But we are not angry.
Maybe someday they will explain it to us.

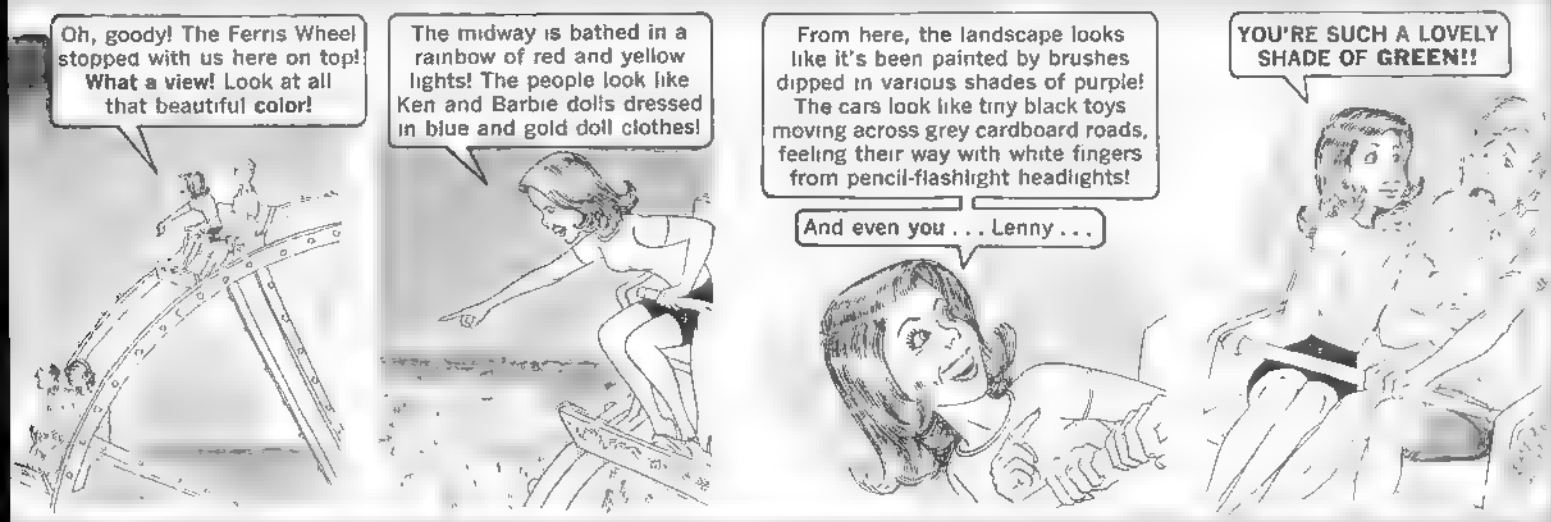
LESSON 10.

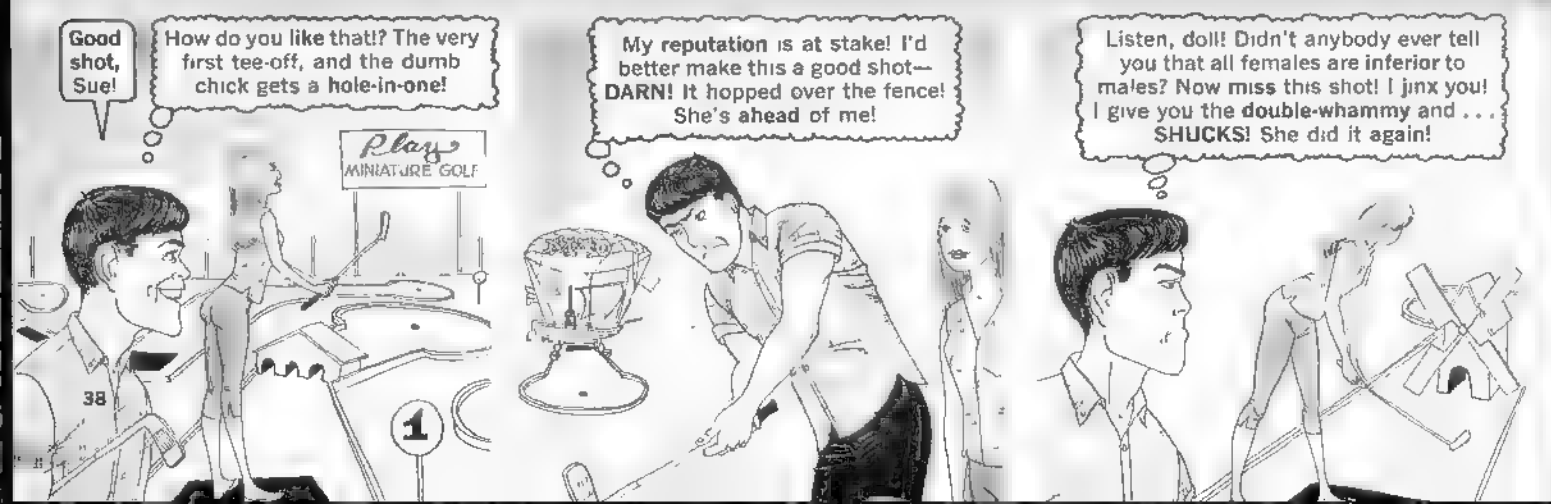


See the Angry Mob.
Grrr, Grrr, Grrr.
See them throw ink-pots at the U.S. Embassy.
Splish, splosh, splash.
See them stone the U.S. Embassy.
Clink, clank, crash.
Why do people stone U.S. Embassies?
Because today it is the thing to do.
Today everybody stones U.S. Embassies.
Only this one is a mild demonstration.
That's because these people are American Tourists
From Lansing, Michigan.

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

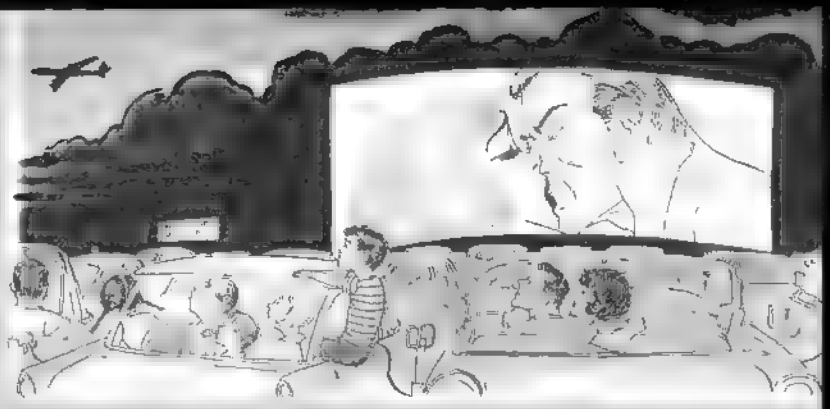
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... SUM EVEN



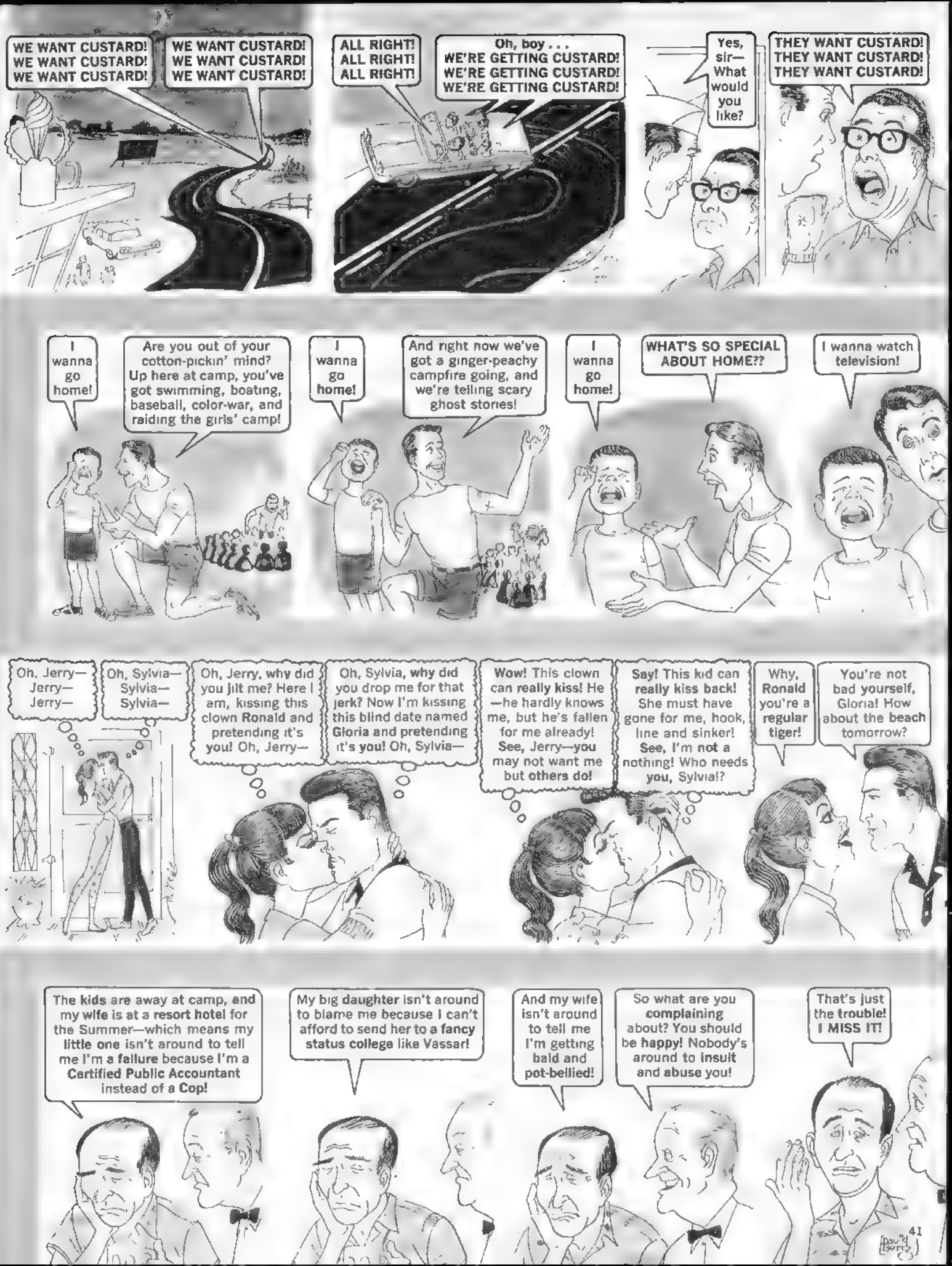


MERINGS

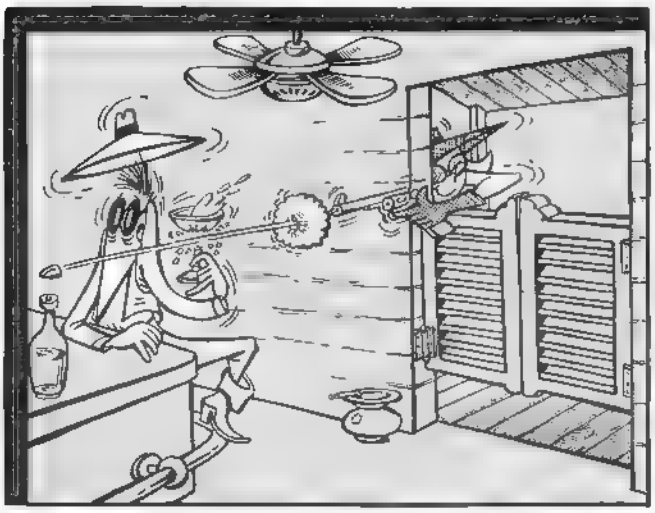
WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

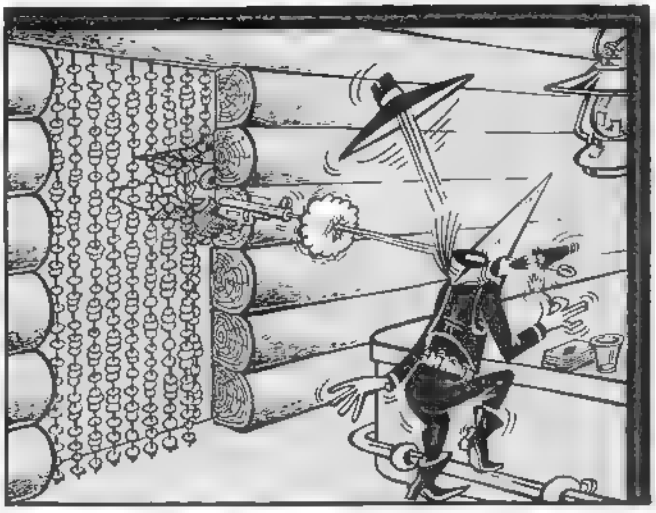


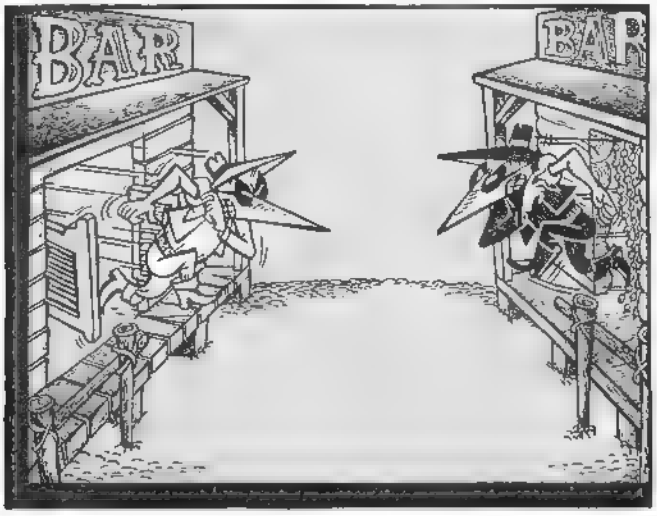
My golf swing is a little rusty, so I thought I'd come out here to the Driving Range and knock out a pail of balls!
PAIL OF BALLS 50¢
POT
Look . . . a Custard Stand!
WE WANT CUSTARD! WE WANT CUSTARD! WE WANT CUSTARD!
Boy! Invite a bunch of teenage boys to a backyard barbecue and under cover of darkness, they turn out to be nothing but animals!
Men are all alike! All they want to do is satisfy their primitive urge!
You'd think girls were made for nothing else but that!
They're all hands and mouth!
It's disgusting! They're interested in one thing, and one thing only!
FOOD!
Wow! When you come out, it hits you like a blast furnace!
I'll say! I forgot how hot it was outside!
Hey, I see you two are just coming out of the movies! How was it?
GREAT! On my recommendation, I suggest you drop whatever you're doing and rush in!
But the critics panned it! They said it was badly written, terribly directed, and horribly acted!
All true . . .
. . but the performance of the Air-Conditioning Unit is worth the price of admission!
Boy, there's nothing like a beach weenie roast on a warm Summer evening! Everything seems to have added flavor!
Yeah! The hot dogs are MMMMM!
And the toasted buns are AAAAHHH!
And the mustard is OOOOHH!
And the relish is GRRRR!
And the beer is OOH-LA-LA!
AND THE SAND IN EVERYTHING IS PTOOO!!


WE WANT CUSTARD! WE WANT CUSTARD! WE WANT CUSTARD!
WE WANT CUSTARD! WE WANT CUSTARD! WE WANT CUSTARD!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!
Oh, boy . . . WE'RE GETTING CUSTARD! WE'RE GETTING CUSTARD! WE'RE GETTING CUSTARD!
Yes, sir— What would you like?
THEY WANT CUSTARD! THEY WANT CUSTARD! THEY WANT CUSTARD!
I wanna go home!
Are you out of your cotton-pickin' mind? Up here at camp, you've got swimming, boating, baseball, color-war, and raiding the girls' camp!
I wanna go home!
And right now we've got a ginger-peachy campfire going, and we're telling scary ghost stories!
I wanna go home!
WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT HOME??
I wanna watch television!
Oh, Jerry— Jerry— Jerry—
Oh, Sylvia— Sylvia— Sylvia—
Oh, Jerry, why did you jilt me? Here I am, kissing this clown Ronald and pretending it's you! Oh, Jerry—
Oh, Sylvia, why did you drop me for that jerk? Now I'm kissing this blind date named Gloria and pretending it's you! Oh, Sylvia—
Wow! This clown can really kiss! He—he hardly knows me, but he's fallen for me already! See, Jerry—you may not want me but others do!
Say! This kid can really kiss back! She must have gone for me, hook, line and sinker! See, I'm not a nothing! Who needs you, Sylvia!?
Why, Ronald you're a regular tiger!
You're not bad yourself, Gloria! How about the beach tomorrow?
The kids are away at camp, and my wife is at a resort hotel for the Summer—which means my little one isn't around to tell me I'm a failure because I'm a Certified Public Accountant instead of a Cop!
My big daughter isn't around to blame me because I can't afford to send her to a fancy status college like Vassar!
And my wife isn't around to tell me I'm getting bald and pot-bellied!
So what are you complaining about? You should be happy! Nobody's around to insult and abuse you!
That's just the trouble! I MISS IT!

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART III





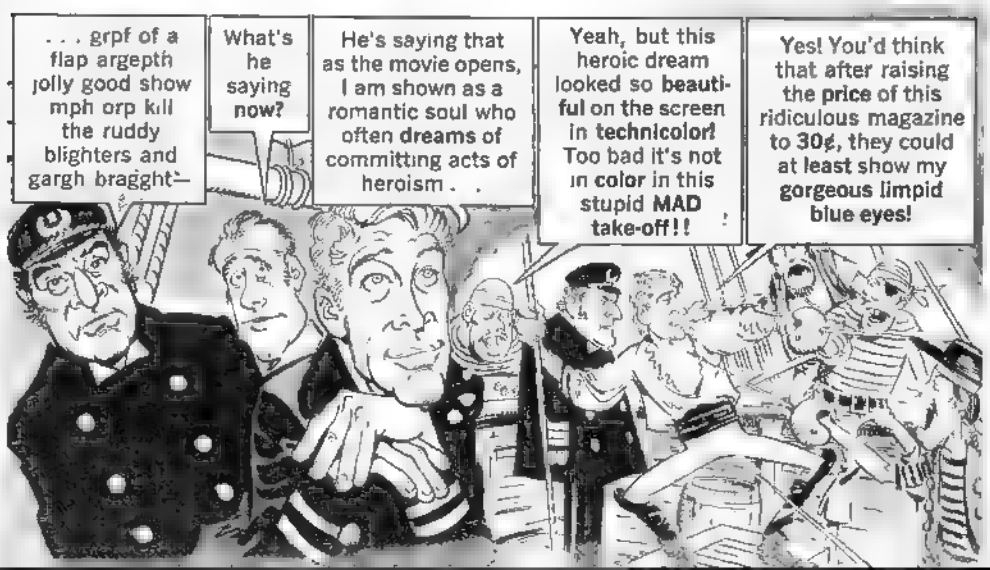


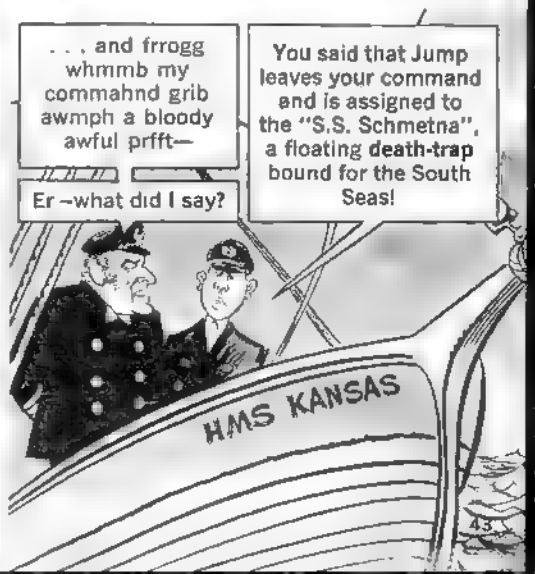
TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MASOCHIST DEPT.

Those of you who have read "Lord Jim" by Joseph Conrad know that it is a deep psychological study of cowardice and heroism Today, the world is filled with examples of both these acts. But to our way of thinking, the most heroic act in recent history was committed by those intrepid movie-makers who shot the following film on location in the Far East . . . and *still* had the courage to return to this country with it, show it to the public, and wait for the critical reviews . . . like this one of:

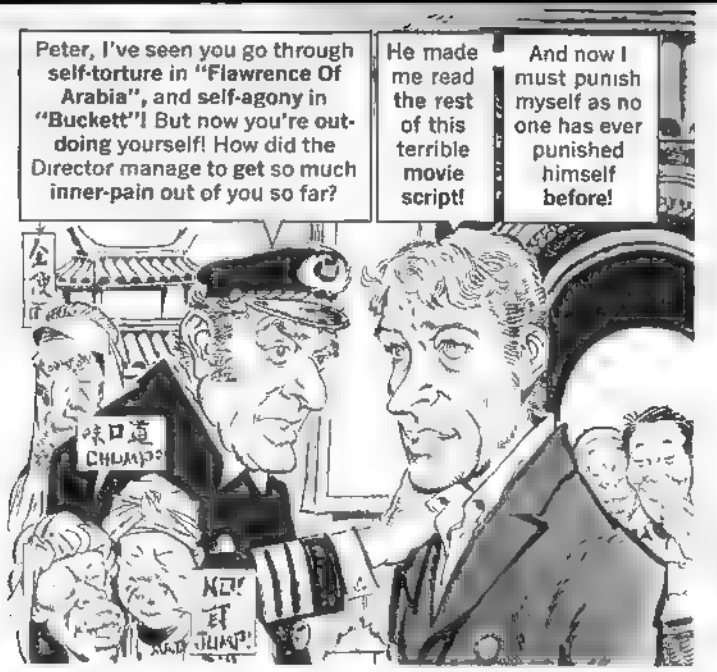
Lord Jump

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

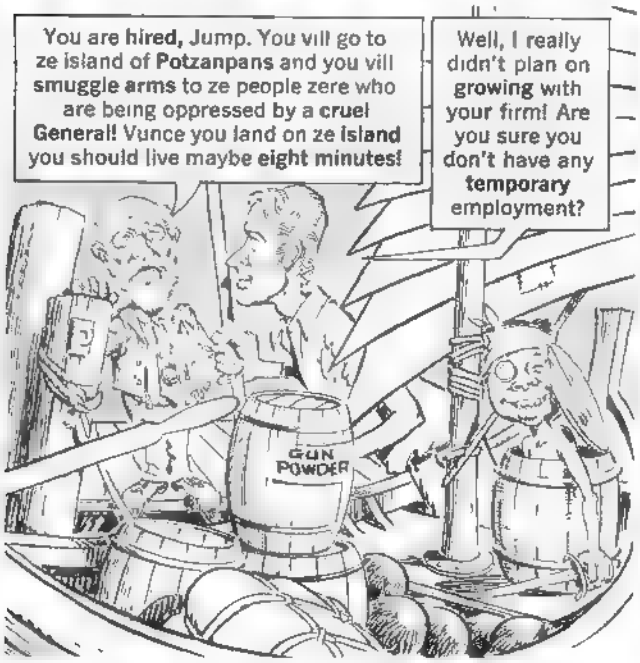


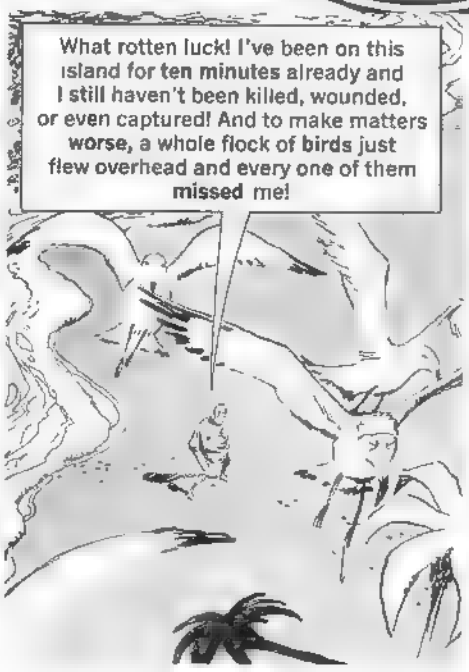


As the First Mate, I am appalled at the living conditions of the passengers on this ship! How you must suffer!
It could be worse! Instead of traveling First Class, we could be down in Steerage!
What a terrible storm!
The ship is going down!
Into the Life Boats!
Men and Cowards first! Men and Cowards first!
Don't you get the feeling that the Captain hasn't read his Navy Manual?
Should I stay with the ship? Or should I jump??
What a decision to make!
I've got it!!
It's the only fair thing to do! I'll let the passengers decide for me!
Hey, all you passengers— What's my name . . . ?
Jump!
Jump!
JUMP!
Thank God we live in a Democracy!
Mark my words— Jump will regret what he just did!
You mean he'll be haunted by this cowardly act for the rest of his life? He'll hate himself forever? He'll never be able to live with himself again?
No—he was just picked up by the Titanic!
Punish me, gentlemen! I don't deserve to live! I deserted the Schmetna! I deserted the Titanic! I deserted the Lusitania! I deserted the Queen Mary! I deserted the S.S.—
What a masochist you are, Jump! I mean— there's such a thing as Over-Confessing! For instance, the Queen Mary was never even sinking!
I know that! But I was going out of my mind running those idiotic Horse Racing games!

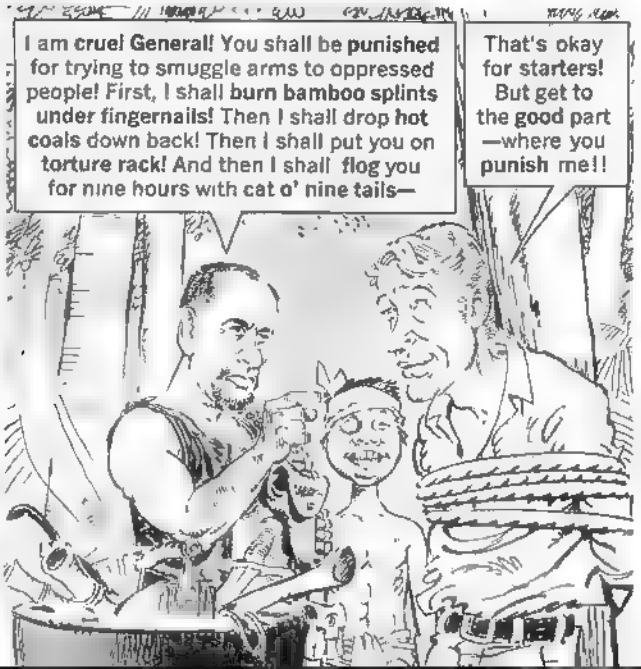

Peter, I've seen you go through self-torture in "Flawrence Of Arabia", and self-agony in "Buckett"! But now you're out-doing yourself! How did the Director manage to get so much inner-pain out of you so far?
He made me read the rest of this terrible movie script!
And now I must punish myself as no one has ever punished himself before!
CHUMP!
JUMP!

The Hong Kong Times
Monday, December 18, 1899
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Situations Wanted
COWARD-MASOCHIST, looking for rotten position with no future, in disreputable firm. Must be whipped frequently, must suffer a lot, and must be treated like dirt. Willing to start at the bottom and work my way down. No air-conditioning. Write Box 115, or call Ah Choo's Candy Store at Hong Kong 5472 (Area Code 202) and ask for Jump.

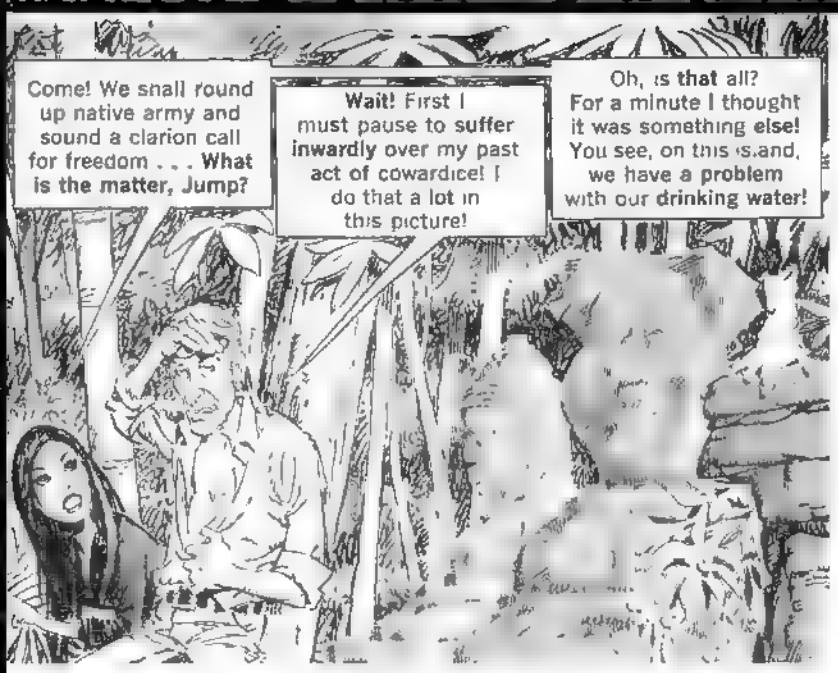

You are hired, Jump. You vill go to ze island of Potzanpans and you vill smuggle arms to ze people zere who are being oppressed by a cruel General! Vunce you land on ze island you should live maybe eight minutes!
Well, I really didn't plan on growing with your firm! Are you sure you don't have any temporary employment?
GUN POWDER


What rotten luck! I've been on this island for ten minutes already and I still haven't been killed, wounded, or even captured! And to make matters worse, a whole flock of birds just flew overhead and every one of them missed me!

At last! Things are beginning to pick up!


I am cruel General! You shall be punished for trying to smuggle arms to oppressed people! First, I shall burn bamboo splints under fingernails! Then I shall drop hot coals down back! Then I shall put you on torture rack! And then I shall flog you for nine hours with cat o' nine tails—
That's okay for starters! But get to the good part —where you punish me!!

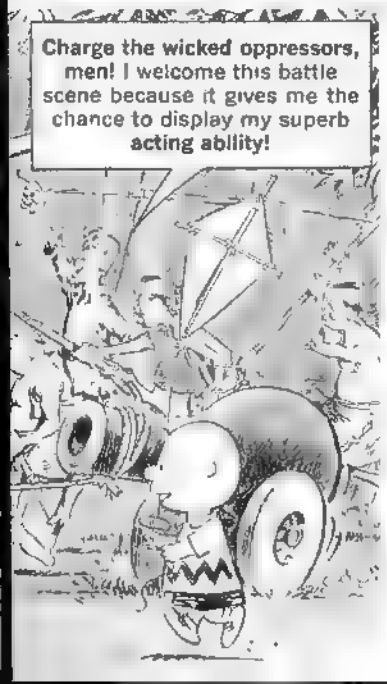
Hello, typical island girl! I am Jump— Coward-Of-Fortune!
I shall free you! You shall help my people stamp out the oppressors! Freedom shall bloom once more like a million blades of grass in a lush tropical jungle glade!
Hey, what language do you speak on this island?
Here we speak Fluent Cliché!


Come! We shall round up native army and sound a clarion call for freedom . . . What is the matter, Jump?
Wait! First I must pause to suffer inwardly over my past act of cowardice! I do that a lot in this picture!
Oh, is that all? For a minute I thought it was something else! You see, on this island, we have a problem with our drinking water!

Jump . . . these are my people! They cry out for liberty with their every breath!
Stranger, I know not why you make our cause your own!
But better late than never! For never is forever!
And we must live one day at a time!

It is quiet! Too quiet! I don't like it!
Get me plenty of clean sheets and hot water!
Why? Is someone having a baby?
No—the Script Writer is running out of clichés!

Let us attack the Fortress in the name of Democracy!
What is it, Jump? Are you pausing again to suffer inwardly over your past acts of cowardice?
No—I'm beginning to notice that on this island, you do have a problem with your drinking water!

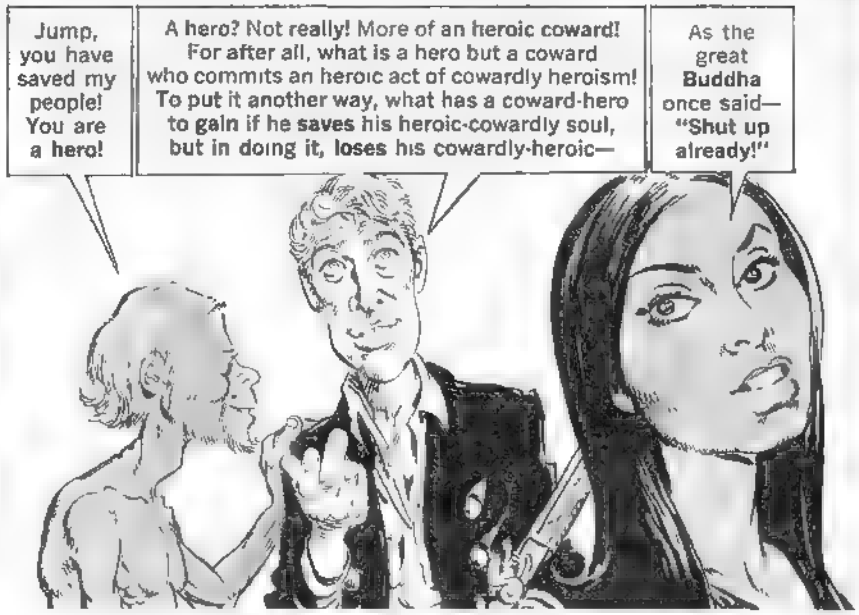

Charge the wicked oppressors, men! I welcome this battle scene because it gives me the chance to display my superb acting ability!

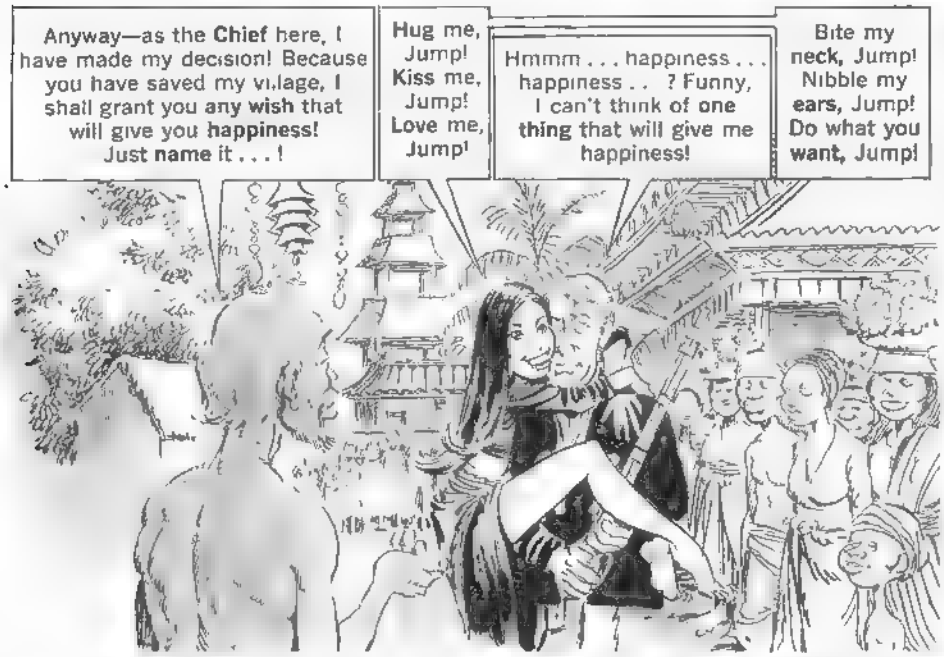
What emotion is Peter O'Tall displaying now?
Hatred!

And what emotion is that?
Joy!

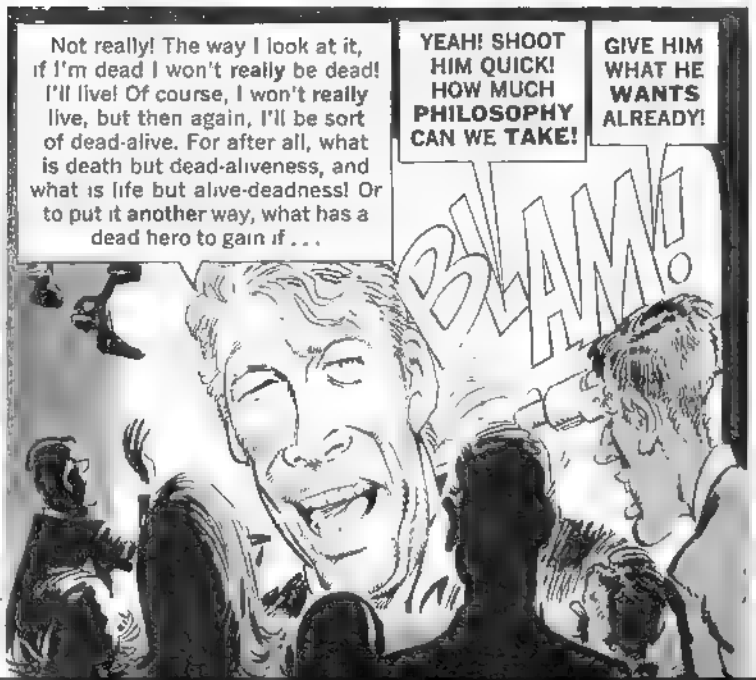
And that?
Anxiety!

Boy! Talk about displaying emotions! In this picture, O'Tall really runs the gamut!
Yeah! From "A" to "A"!
BOOM!


Jump, you have saved my people! You are a hero!
A hero? Not really! More of an heroic coward! For after all, what is a hero but a coward who commits an heroic act of cowardly heroism! To put it another way, what has a coward-hero to gain if he saves his heroic-cowardly soul, but in doing it, loses his cowardly-heroic—
As the great Buddha once said— "Shut up already!"


Anyway—as the Chief here, I have made my decision! Because you have saved my village, I shall grant you any wish that will give you happiness! Just name it . . . !
Hug me, Jump! Kiss me, Jump! Love me, Jump!
Hmmm . . . happiness . . . happiness . . ? Funny, I can't think of one thing that will give me happiness!
Bite my neck, Jump! Nibble my ears, Jump! Do what you want, Jump!

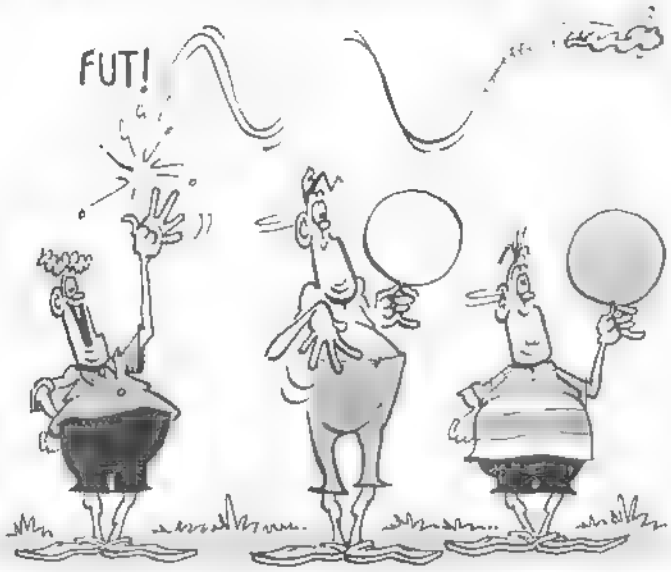
Happiness . ? Happiness . . . ? Hey, I've got it! The one thing that will make me happy! GIVE ME DEATH!
Congratulations, Jump! You have graduated from cowardice and masochism! You have finally reached insanity!

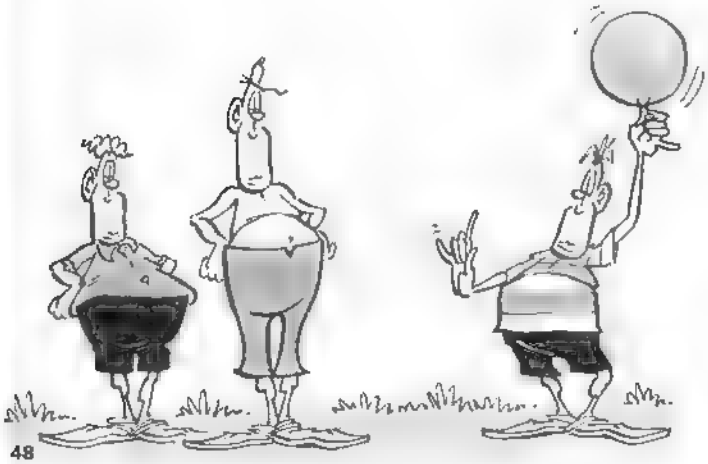

Not really! The way I look at it, if I'm dead I won't really be dead! I'll live! Of course, I won't really live, but then again, I'll be sort of dead-alive. For after all, what is death but dead-aliveness, and what is life but alive-deadness! Or to put it another way, what has a dead hero to gain if . . .
YEAH! SHOOT HIM QUICK! HOW MUCH PHILOSOPHY CAN WE TAKE!
GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS ALREADY!
BLAM!

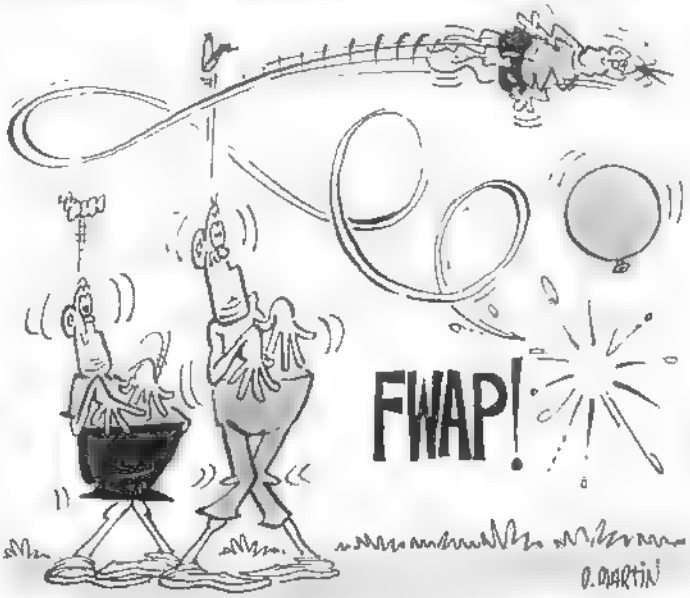
What's that book you have there?
"Lord Jim" by Joseph Conrad! It's a Classic!
Oh, yeah! I read that book! Maybe someday, they'll make a movie out of it!
SO WHERE DO YOU WANNA EAT?
THE END

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

ONE SUMMER AFTERNOON

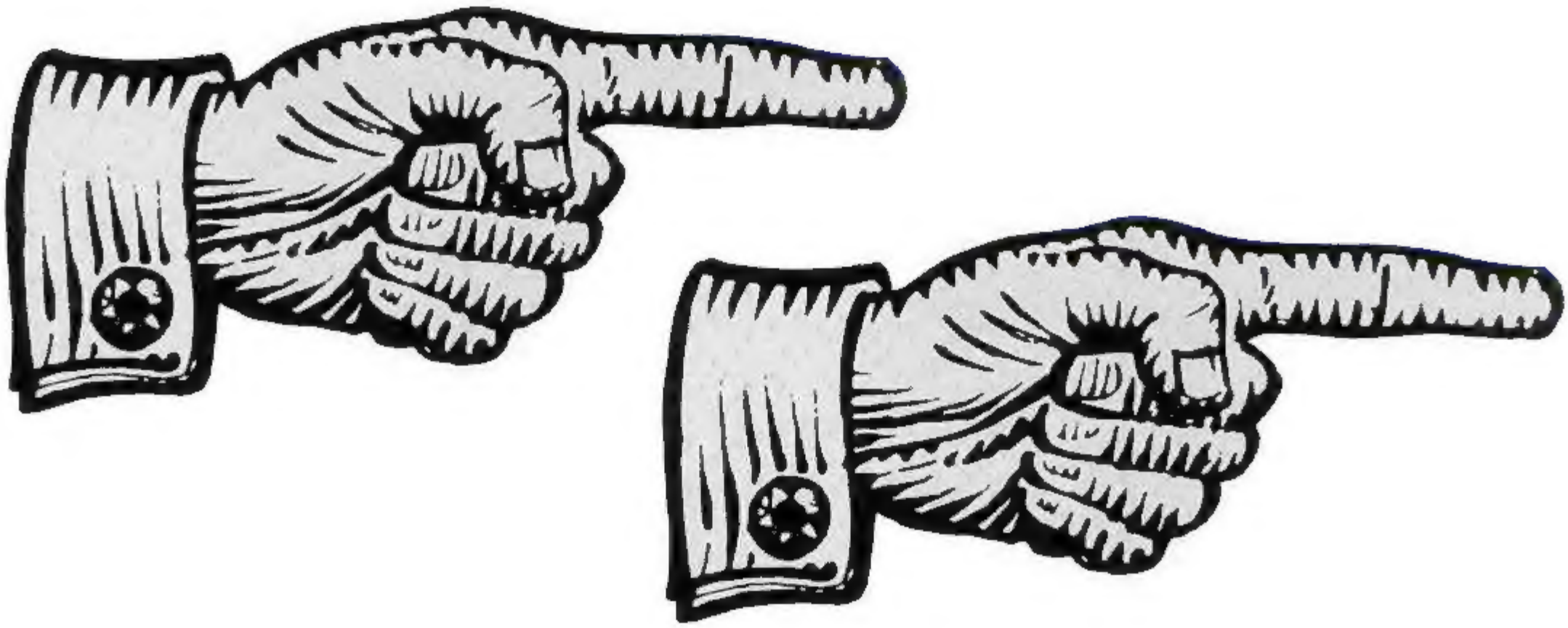






Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHO ARE THE DISASTER VICTIMS THAT NOBODY EVER HELPS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

U.S. Government Agencies, The American Red Cross and Public Welfare people are quick to rush aid to disaster victims. And yet, one group of miserable unfortunates suffers year in and year out without a drop of aid from anyone. Fold in page as shown to see just who these poor miserable wretches are:

FOLD PAGE IN LIKE THIS

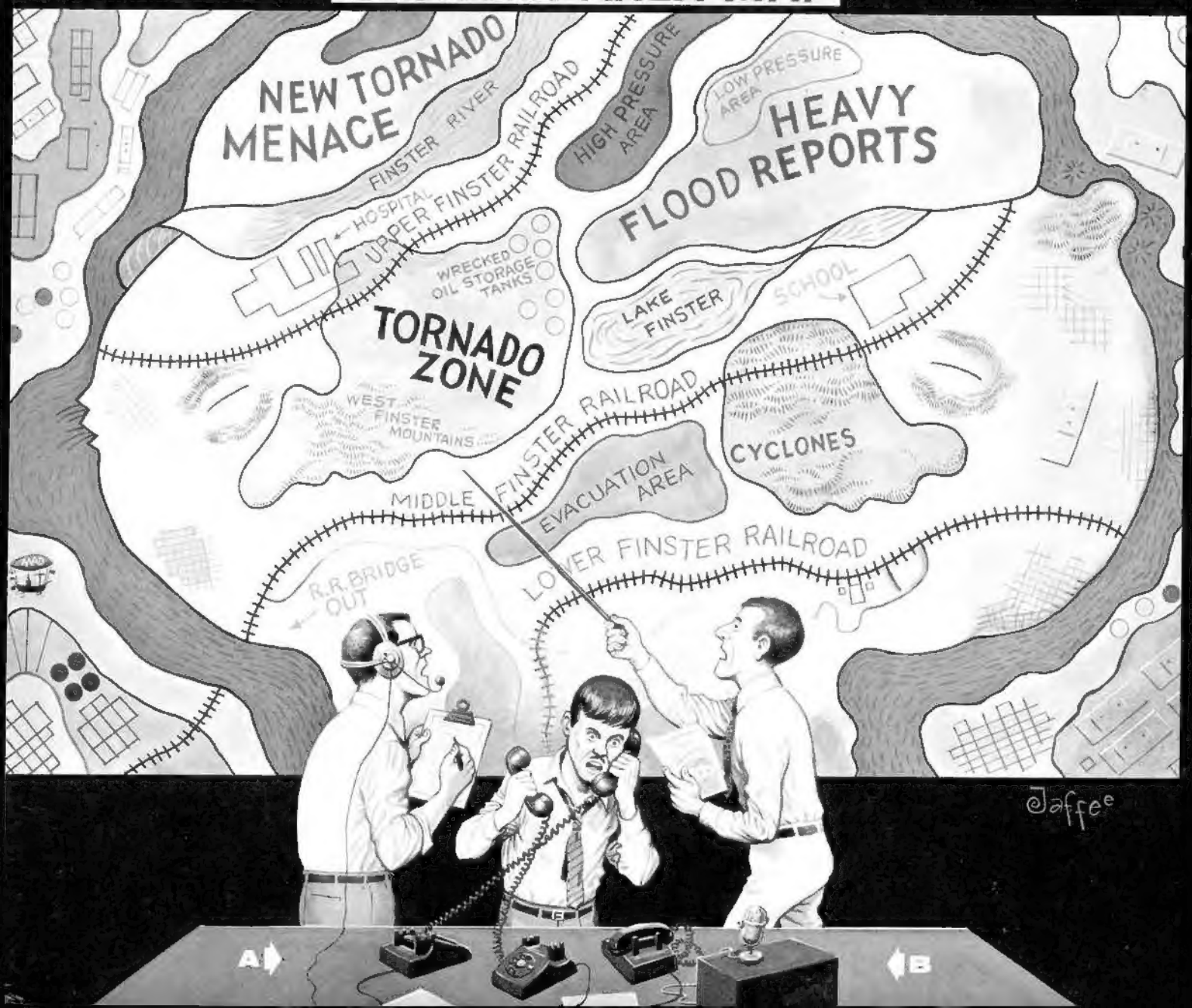
Artist and Writer:
Al Jaffee

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

DISASTER AREA MAP



WHO ARE THE DISASTER VICTIMS THAT NOBODY EVER HELPS?

FOLD PAGE IN LIKE THIS

Artist and Writer:
Al Jaffee

A B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

A B

MAD's
Great Moments In Advertising

Photography by IRVING "*Breakthrough*" SCHILD

THE DAY THAT "AJAX" GOT THE HOUSEWIFE OUT OF THE KITCHEN A LITTLE TOO FAST!